XT WEEK, "JUSTINE SPRAGUE, ACTRESS," A STORY OF TR
E DREAM-WOMAN," A FAMOUS GHOST STORY. DO NOT M

THE CHICAGO LEDGE

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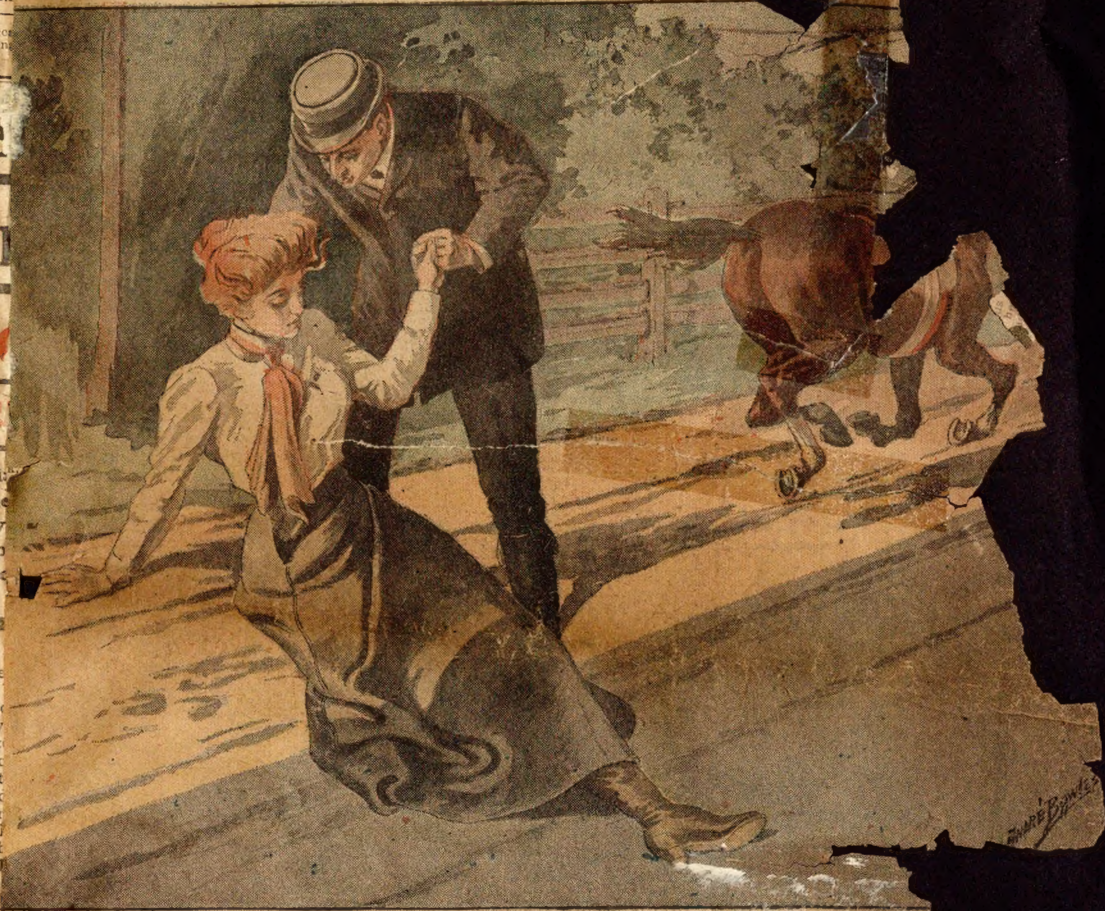

A Detective's R

Or, THE DESPERADO OF LOST C

By M. H. Frederick

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CHAPTER I.
SPURIOUS COIN.

"IT BEATS the devil the way this bogus money is scattered through the country," exclaimed Hiram Morgan, as he stood in the door of his store in the little mountain village of B—— and displayed a bright coin. Half a n men who had been lounging upon y goods boxes in front of the store ed up at the merchant's words.

It was an afternoon in early spring. A breeze played in the spreading branches of the budding maple tree in front of the store; the sun shone with unusual warmth for the time of year.

"I git one o' these pewter dollars about every day," Hiram Morgan continued, "an' some days I git more than one. It takes a man with his specs on to tell 'em—well, I've got in the habit o' wearin' my specs all the time, an' still I git fooled slick as a button."

"May be you're not wide-awake as you should be, Uncle Hi," said one of the men whose name was Dock Boggs.

"The gang who keep scatterin' the counterfeit money don't make any bluff o' bein' wide-awake," rejoined the merchant drily, "they are ruinin' business in this town; the loss on account o' th bogus money that comes into a man's hands eats up all his profit."

"Thar ort to be a stop put to it," said the other.

"We've offered a big reward for the capture o' the counterfeitin' gang, you know; but it does not seem to amount to much."

"You merchants have run the reward up to a nice figure, I hear."

"Yes; we've got it to $1,000, an' I'd glad to pay the hundred I subscrib it would stop the circulation o' money."

Hiram Morgan deftly balan which he held in his hand think the same gang

fails to break up the
ome o' you fellers that
head o' him an' git the

nt detective an,' natur-
go in the lead. An' we
work as gittin' mixed up
tlaws. The best thing a
to tend to his own busi-
to her an'; for my
gang in the Cove
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at the
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ik Hays
the Cove's the
money an' if
ar; people speak
o of Lost Cove.'"
amined several pieces
hrough his spectacles.
tion he put the money
returned to his wonted
ounter.
e Howard's in love wi'
's gal?" one of the
of the store inquired

"the gal's a niece
you know—an'
r Sallie Morgan
n' as pretty as

ike?"
what—sh!"
kwardly. Then
he continued

in' to work some
the nearer you git
you see goin' on."
they don't have to
d one of the others

on they don't have
clothes an a meal's
ckon," rejoined Dock.
gs so quickly changed
perceived that a young
mounted from her horse,
ed by himself and his idle com-
and was approaching the store.
Miss Morgan?" was Dock's
as the young lady walked
nd he gave her a friendly nod
ot lift his hat.
a winsome smile the maiden
and entered the store.
dad burn my cats!" Dock ut-
a low tone, "that's th very gal
kin' about."

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"His droll and striking description of Sallie Morgan had not more than done her justice. She was plainly but tastefully dressed in inexpensive material; the fairness of her neck and brow rivaled the hue of the lilly; the delicate tint of the wild rose was in her cheeks and reached to her shell-like ear; her lips were like a cherry; her eyes had the sparkle of the dew in the first rays of the morning sun; her glossy hair, which was coiled in a heavy mass at the back of her head, had stolen a tint from the sunshine.

The young lady had come for a visit at the home of her uncle, the merchant. She chatted with him for a short time, after which she walked out of the store and, unassisted, mounted her horse and rode toward his dwelling which was only a short distance from the store.

The maiden had just passed out of the door of the store when she came almost face to face with a young man of very handsome appearance, dignified bearing, and an air of refinement.

The young man was evidently a stranger in B——. He entered the store and accosted the proprietor.

"I have been told that you are a very [illegible] citiz[illegible] and a man of sound judg- [illegible] "and I want your aid and [illegible]

"You shall have it, if it's worth anything," replied the merchant.

"First, I have another request to make, which is that you will consider what I say to you strictly confidential," said the other. "I am a detective and I mean to capture the counterfeiters of Lost Cove. Now, I want a little help."

"I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can," said Hiram Morgan.

The detective gave his name. The merchant's eyebrows lifted slightly and he seemed about to speak, but he decided to keep what was in his mind to himself.

The two men conversed for a short time. Then the merchant gave the other several of the pieces of counterfeit coin which had come into his possession. The detective gave the merchant considerable information about his plans and what he had been doing. The young man was soon following the narrow dirt road which led from the village in the direction of Lost Cove.

A brief description of the village of B—— and the surrounding country may not be out of place here.

The little southern mountain village seemed to have been dropped aimlessly upon its site; for a spot naturally less inviting as a location for a town has been chosen for that purpose but rarely. The streets of B——, if such we may call them, had been laid off at random and followed tortuous lines. They were also of irregular widths and elevations. Some of the streets were almost literally covered with loose round stones. Here and there were scattered tin cans, pieces of paper, and old horseshoes. In addition to two or three dozen residences of various sizes, the village contained half a dozen stores. Each of these stores had been built upon an architectural plan entirely unlike those upon which the others had been erected. A few of the buildings in the village presented a pleasing appearance, others pleaded eloquently for a fresh coat of paint without avail, and others still had never been painted at all. Of the stores Hiram Morgan's establishment was the most commodious; it was a typical southern mountain store in which were kept "dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise." Morgan's store and one other were the only brick buildings in the village.

Both up and down the valley in which the village was situated, in striking contrast with the unattractive aspect of the village itself, lay fine mountain scenery. The valley was narrow, but the gently sloping hills on each side were covered almost from base to summit with heavy forests of oak, beech, hickory, chestnut, and other species of deciduous tress, unpolluted in the freshness of nature.

The country around the village for miles was very thinly settled. Some of the farmhouses which were scattered along the narrow dirt road up and down the valley gave evidence that their occupants were thrifty and industrious. Other dwellings, on the contrary, were in an unseemly and almost dilapidated condition. Along the wayside were broad strips of bottom land, which in the proper season were usually in a high state of cultivation, clearings upon the slopes of the hills here and there which produced scanty crops of Indian corn, and neglected fields where weeds and briers held undisputed sway.

At the time of which we write, perhaps a decade ago, there was to some extent laxity in the enforcement of the law in the country around B——, just as there was looseness with many people in the management of business matters. The greatest evils were the use of intoxicants and the circulation of spurious coin. But the sale of intoxicants was prohibited by local option and there was increased activity in attempting to capture and punish moonshiners and counterfeiters. However, any neighborhood is slow to recover from the effects of drunkenness and general lawlessness which have prevailed for years. The [illegible] coves and deep r[illegible] the [illegible] the country [illegible] comparatively s[illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] has been [illegible] already, spurious coin was afloat and it was generally believed that it was being put into circulation by a band of outlaws who spent most of their time in Lost Cove, a large densely wooded cove, which was situated about fifteen miles from the village of B——.

CHAPTER II.

A RESCUE.

"I'm afraid I'm going to get a soaking," said Sallie Morgan to herself.

The young lady was riding on horseback along the highway which followed the deep narrow valley of Bad Creek, not far from Lost Cove. It was about the middle of the afternoon of a spring day; perhaps a month had elapsed since Miss Morgan had visited the family of her uncle, Hiram Morgan, as recorded in the preceding chapter. She had now been to pay a visit to her most intimate girl friend, who lived about two miles up the valley of Bad Creek from her own home. There had been a heavy rain during her stay with her friend; but the rain had ceased and she had started to return home.

Although the bright sunshine came through a rift in the clouds and fell in profusion around her, and although the sky was serenely blue where it was visible to the east, the muttering of distant thunder came to her ears.

A look of anxiety came into the pretty blue eyes of Miss Morgan as the rumble of thunder was repeated and she saw the lurid glare of lightning. Soon a few drops of rain splashed around her. The rumble of thunder was repeated again and again, growing louder and more prolonged with each repetition. The roar of heavy rain falling in the distance to the west grew more distinct each moment.

With the exception of the home of her friend, which she had left more than half a mile in her rear, there was not a single dwelling or other structure in which she could find refuge from the approaching storm within less than a mile of the point which she had now reached.

At the point which the young lady now reached and for a considerable distance farther down the valley, the road followed the bed of Bad Creek. On account of the rain which had fallen earlier in the day, the stream was muddy and turbulent, although it was not greatly swollen. On the left side of the stream rose a high precipice; the road followed the low right bank, and at the edge of the road which was farthest from the creek ran a high rail fence. Along the fence grew numerous bushes and clusters of briers. When the stream was greatly swollen the road was entirely covered with water.

Sallie saw a gaudy red bird upon the swinging bough of an elm near by. The songster's crimson coat was very conspicuous in contrast with the green, tender foliage of the elm.

Suddenly the bird took wing, and at the same instant the young lady heard a roar which she soon realized was not the roar of the coming storm. Boom, boom came the sound. It was repeated againg and again; it grew louder and louder and nearer and nearer. What could it be?

It required but an instant for her to decide what was the cause of the sound. Her face paled and she applied the lash freely to the beast she rode. She knew that she was in great peril.

About two miles up the valley from where she now was, a large dam had been constructed for the purpose of driving saw logs down the stream on their way to market. The constant boom, boom which she heard and which was drawing nearer with frightful celerity was the sound of logs striking together as they rolled and tossed in a mighty mass on the bosom of a flood which had been released from the dam.

Miss Morgan had not entertained the faintest idea that there had been sufficient rainfall to fill the dam. It now occurred to her that there must have been an enormous amount of precipitation on the headwaters of the stream, such a local downpour as sometimes falls in the foothills of the southern part of the Appalachians.

There was little time to think. The plucky young woman saw little hope of escape except in flight. She could not get clear of the path of the rapidly approaching danger with her horse without fleeing down the stream to a point where the road turned to higher ground, hemmed in as she was by a precipice on the one hand and a high fence on the other. Unless she could escape in this manner, the fearful flood with its mighty burden would soon be upon her.

Again she applied the lash to her fiery young steed. At the same instant a mighty groaning mass swept around a bend only a short distance behind her. The horse, now thoroughly frightened, became unruly and, although his fair rider was an accomplished horsewoman, she was thrown from her saddle and fell almost stunned to the road. The animal galloped madly down the valley.

On came the cruel, threatening mass behind her, heaving and tumbling, roaring and hissing. In the giant grip of the increasing flood the logs were tossed this way and that. Sometimes a single log would shoot upward like a shaft from a bow and fall back with a loud boom. The entire mass of hundreds of logs, hissing, groaning, and writhing, seemed to spring at Sallie like monster. The imperiled youn seemed powerless to move; he the sudden danger in which herself made her brain whirl. were almost upon her; still she dazed and weak to make an a get out of the way of the w which demon-like leaped direc She gave up hope.

But suddenly strong arms s and, almost before she knew happening, the turbulent tide fearful burden had passed and herself out of harm's way. farther down the stream, the rent, writhing and groaning mighty burden, was tearing t their roots along the bank.

Sallie could not repress a sh she turned to see who had such timely aid and snatched were from the hungry jaws of

A tall young man with broa ders, athletic build, handsome pressive countenance, and an able gentlemanly air lifted his she turned towards him.

CHAPTER III.

A GENTLEMANLY DESPER

The men who lived in the Bad Creek as a rule were not habit of lifting their hats even tiful Sallie Morgan. She knew rescuer was a stranger; perhaps not live in the vicinity.

"Are you hurt?" inquired musical voice, in which there ing of the lazy drawl peculia men of Bad Creek.

Sallie was pale from her re perience, and her features, which classic mold, gave her a resembl a rare piece of sculptured marble.

Soon her momentary weakness and the warm blood rushed cheeks and spread its healthy gl to the fair smooth brow.

"I was only partly stunned; I seriously hurt, I believe," she re a voice that was wonderfully sw musical, as she adjusted her h brushed aside a glossy brown which had escaped from among it and had fallen across her cheek.

"But I might have been killed you," continued the sweet voice, seemed to the young man to sweetest voice he had ever heard. my life to you; how can I ever tha enough."

And the young woman sh again at the thought of what s just escaped.

"I am very glad that I happene near enough to be of service to gentleman should be glad to s lady whenever an opportunity pres itself," was the gallant reply.

"My name is Morgan, Miss S Morgan," said the young lady, exten her hand, which the young ma within his own for an instant as h

"I am Robert Hays."

"I am more grateful than I c press for the service which yo rendered me."

"I shall always be glad th to be of service to you. The owne the dam should have sen a man a give warning before freeing the from the dam."

Sallie wondered where she ha her rescuer before; for surely sh seen that frank, debonair countenan fore. Still she could not remember or where.

Robert Hays. Sallie wondered she had heard that name before.

(Continued on page sixteen.)

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Coug Syrup and Save $2, by Making It at Home.

Cough medicines, as a rule, cont large quantity of plain syrup. If take one pint of granulated sugar ½ pint of warm water, and stir ab minutes, you have as good syru money could buy.

If you will then put 2½ ounce Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bo and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup will have as much cough syrup as could buy ready-made for $2.50. It k perfectly.

And you will find it the best c syrup you ever used—even in whoo cough. You can feel it take hold— ally stops the most severe cough i hours. It is just laxative enough, h good tonic effect and taste is plea Take a teaspoonful every one, tw three hours.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for hoa ness, asthma, chest pains, etc.

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MELDA ARDEN'S CRIME;

Or, A ROMANCE OF THE RIPWATER.

By William T. Bartwick.

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CHAPTER X.

PROFESSOR'S DISCOVERY.

PROFESSOR KARL SHAFFENBERGER went back to his bungalow on Bass Lake without discovering his mistake with the bundles.

His home was in Bark City; he knew the Kranbournes by sight, had once spoken Miss Surelia at a reception, and man well thought of among the ople of the hustling Western city. ofessor was in the woods for his outing. He was a portly, rubi- aged man, long of hair, high of nd supposed to be very highly d.

ame puffing into the presence of tter half, very much winded, yet elation over certain events that ken place in Rockville.

ot the gew-gaws you wanted, Cle-; you shall shine like a new-winged among the little bugs of this ," and he laughed till his full face led like crimson waves on a sunset "Miss Sawyer was very nice; she e best of taste; the gown is truly and the bathing suit is just fitted off your charms to a tioention."

went up to his wife, threw an arm her plump form, and gave her a affectionate hug and kiss.

r this the professor went out to after his naphtha launch, for the was a very particular yachtsman, new all about sailing the inland when seas were calm little lakelets as Bass.

little scream roused the professor his work at the dock.

, what's that? Cleopatra has some me trouble."

Karl straightened to his feet up the gravel path toward the

professor loved his wife; she was t of his very being, although, be it she was hardly his equal in intel- al endowments.

second scream caused Herr Karl to his tools and to amble up the gravel at high speed. Cleopatra met him e door.

ou horrid man!" exclaimed she, holding up a bifurcated garment to his as- hed gaze. "This is that gown of ate gray gauze you promised me! wicked, wicked man!"

ell, now, where did you get that?" ed the astonished professor.

et it? Out of that bundle you ed home, of course. Where is that n and nice comb, those beautiful hair ments I was to have to pay me for uring myself in this horrid out-of-way place when I wanted to go to old Newport by the sea instead? Shaff, you're mean as pussley, so are. I don't call this a bit nice, joke of yours," and the good dame k her fluff of sandy hair at him rily.

ly, my, it was no joke; no joke at Cleopatra," declared the portly pro- or.

Then where are my things?"

n the bundle, of course—"

rat you and the bundle!" broke h Mrs. Karl. "I tell you this," shak- the trousers in his face, "was what ound."

And no gown, no blue and pink bath- dream, no—"

Nothing but this, I tell you; this and oat and some other things a horrid wears. You have insulted me, Herr ; I will go home to my folks; you answer for this in court—"

For heaven's sake, Cleopatra, do cool " groaned the poor professor. "There been a mistake, of course. I must e got the wrong bundle. I will go nediately back with this and get my n."

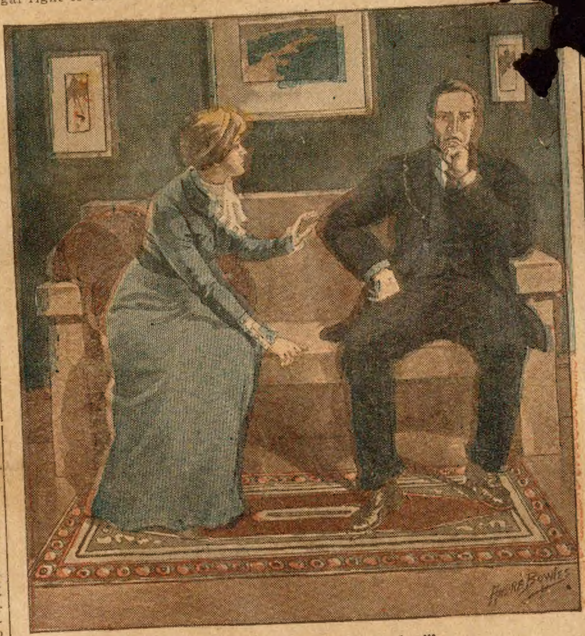
Ie went inside and inspected the suit clothing which had so unexpectedly len to his lot. He sat upon a chair went through both breeches and coat h minute care. He made some most eresting discoveries.

His better half watched his every vement with scornfully curved lips.

Nice gift for a woman, eh?" she gur- d.

Herr Karl was heedless of everything about him. He went away by him- f, carrying a fat package of papers. wn at the bathhouse he opened the ckage and examined its contents.

"Great "Helvetia!" gasped the inves- ator, "what is all this? Money! nds!—and a sealed letter!"



"No, no, you must not call me that!"

The professor went over the contents of the package carefully. What he found was of a most astounding nature—money and securities amounting to several hundred thousand dollars.

There were deeds, too, conveying a large block of timber lands from Giles Kranbourne to one Imelda Arden. Among the conveyances was a deed to Miss Arden for the fine house and lands belonging to the lumber king of Bark City.

The professor was puzzled as well as wondrously amazed.

"Dear heart!" he gasped, "our good friend Giles must be crazed! This Imelda Arden must be the rich lumber king's ward, a slip of a girl. Now what in creation would he deed half a million of property to her for? There's only one explanation; he's in debt beyond recovery and seeks thus to save himself. It's running a big risk to place so much money in the hands of a chit of a girl."

And now the man turned the sealed letter over in his hand. Here was something to excite his curiosity still further. This was sealed, however. He had no legal right to know its contents; yet the worthy professor was sorely tempted. He had already made some surprising discoveries; he was very anxious to probe the mysteries still further.

"I'll do it," he muttered. "Kranbourne is no friend of mine. If there is any rascality afoot to cheat worthy creditors it is right that I should expose the game."

And so the fat finger of Professor Shaffenberger broke the seal of that precious letter, exposing to his critic's eye one of the long buried secrets of that day.

Herr Karl rose from the examination with compressed lips and corrugated brow. He secreted the letter on his person, not restoring it to the package, which latter he returned to the pocket of the coat.

The good man had made what to him seemed a most astounding as well as important discovery.

He went back to his wife with the garments carefully folded in his hands.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied," said she, petulantly.

"Oh, yes, very much satisfied," assented he.

And then he returned the garments to the wrapping, tied the string carefully about and turned to Cleopatra, saying: "If I am not back in time for supper do not wait for me, there's a dear."

"But, good land, you're not going back to town today, Karl?"

"Right straight back, Cleo,"

"Don't you do it, Karl," remonstrated the wife. "I can wait."

"But I cannot."

"What matters the old duds anyhow? very likely the chap that lost 'em is able to get a new outfit. Queer place to find such togs too, wasn't it, in a dressmaking establishment? Who do you suppose left them?"

"I might guess," said he, "but shan't try. Did you ever meet Imelda Arden?"

"No, but I have heard about her."

"What have you heard?"

"Nothing good anyhow."

"Well, that's not answering my question."

"No, I suppose not. I heard that she and Miss Surelia didn't hitch worth a cent. You see, this Arden girl has bee kept away somewhere to school and never really an inmate of the Kranbourne home until very recently. That young Legrand Troth came a courting. You have heard all that of course."

"I heard something—that he was engaged to Surelia—"

"All true, and things went smoothly till this Arden creature came along and cut out the daughter of the house. Imelda has a pretty face, a way with her of drawing the men; bewitched the Detroiter and so caused trouble."

"A way women have."

"You know what we read in the paper?" she asked without smiling.

"About the flight or murder of Miss Arden, yes."

"And the big reward [illegible] guardian for her return. I'd give a dozen best gowns with forty bathing dreams thrown in if I could find her and win that reward. We are so abjectly, uncomfortably poor you know, Karl."

"We are not rich I admit," granted the professor, "yet not quite like you paint it, my dear."

A sudden half formed hope was even now animating the breast of Herr Karl. He rose with the bundle in his hands. The sealed letter, however, reposed in an inner pocket of his own clothes.

"Will you go back to the village, Karl?" asked his wife.

"Certainly; it is my duty, Cleopatra."

"I will wait supper for you."

"No, don't do that; there's no kno where I may go before I return."

"You will fetch my gown this t

"Sure I will, my dear."

Karl Shaffenberger had an idea in head when he went out, an idea that would be good to keep from his The contents of that letter had set thinking. He would surprise Cleo and perhaps some others before he done with this case. The good profes had ample time on his hands, and here was something worth while to ploy his thoughts.

"I'll make some people sit up and notice before I am through with thi fair," declared he as he walked turning his steps tow once more.

His objective point w dam Sawyer's dressmaki

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The Meister Piano
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A RETUR
POPE

the owner of the male garments had
this time found out his mistake and
urned for his bundle.

rofessor Shaffenberger was nearing
village when a shout and the rattle
apidly revolving wheels startled him
n a roseate reverie.

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hirred a vehicle drawn
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FFED.

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long hair, who had
and who stood in
arrassed attitude

o deny it," she re-
smile. "You have
e, you and your wife,

ld you how you come
Arden?"
Herr Karl."
ave your version

ask some questions first."
all you like," and the worthy
or seated himself where he could
the face of his fair guest and not
barrassed. This girl had been
in the public prints as a
ing from justice. Few are
from susceptibility where
are concerned. Professor
exception to the rule.
moment when he snatched
beneath the ruin of an
carriage, now three weeks
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too, had been a careful and
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rl till she was surely out of

had been indeed in great
fever had followed her shak-
ough which the faithful Cleo-
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being. Before the good professor could enter upon a few queries of his own the sound of crunching wheels announced a visitor.

Professor Karl looked around, plainly annoyed.

Imelda drew back from the window, near which she had been sitting, not, however, before she caught a view of a young man alighting from a rig drawn by a single black horse. A deep red suddenly stained her cheek.

"Cuss these men!" ejaculated the fat professor, springing to his feet.

"It is Rand," uttered the girl, plunged suddenly into a spasm of happiness. "You will let him see me, dear Herr Karl?"

"What!" ejaculated the astonished professor. "I thought—"

"As to others you are right, but Mr. Calcraft is my friend."

"Why, is it so?" gasped Herr Karl; "and I have had a deuce of a time lying to keep the young scamp from seeing you knowing that you were here!"

"Then this is not his first visit?"

"His first! He's worse'n the seven year itch on your account, Miss Arden. I've lied enough on your account to sink a seventy gun ship, and now—"

"And now you will cease to tell wrong stories, Herr Professor, and permit my friend to see me."

The smile that she gave him reassured the good man. He retired without further protest.

Imelda Arden sat back in her chair and smiled. With her dark hair fluffed about her shell-like ears, tints of re-ing color dinting her cheeks, and a light shining in her brown eyes, made a picture well calculated to the heart of an anchorite.

stalwart Calcraft entered with a tread and stood with doffed hat e p e of a repentant schoolboy ex-pecti deserved chastisement.

"So ve found you at last, Imelda."

"Yes, if you call it finding," and she blushed very becomingly.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked he. "These people have continued to assure me that the girl I sought was not within a thousand miles of here."

"But you did not believe them."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because you must have known I was not far away. You had not been gone long when those horrid men found me at your cousin's house. I have had a most terrible experience, Rand—Mr. Calcraft."

"I'm not disputing that for a minute," said Rand. "I learned all about it from Hadley, the blackguard. He insists that I was an accomplice after the fact to some crime you had committed. I quickly shut him up on that, however. He's hunted high and low for you, Miss Arden; has been here twice I am told, so you see you have been in good hands else you would have been betrayed."

"Indeed, yes, well do I know that," responded the girl. "The folks here have been very good to me. And, do you know, he has given me back my lost papers—all except the most important."

A cloud swept over the girl's face.

"What, and does the professor dare to retain one against your wishes?"

"He says I must ask no questions about that one."

"Which is so very important you say?"

"It is, although I have never looked at it myself."

"How does that come?"

"I was instructed by my guardian to not open the letter until he gave me permission."

"And yet he intrusted it to your care? He must have the greatest confidence in you?"

"The utmost confidence."

A surprised look swept the face of the man.

"And to think he should offer a reward for the arrest of one whom he is implicitly! There's an enig- you."

The girl did not reply. Rand approached and drew a chair to her side, sitting down.

"This has been a great fortnight of events," said he, taking her hand.

"A month of most serious happenings," sighed Miss Arden.

"The sleuths of the law are still on the lookout. I am very much afraid you will not be safe here much longer, Imelda—let me call you that will you not?" pressing her hand most affectionately.

The girl blushed very prettily and made no attempt to repulse him.

For half an hour the land-cruiser sat talked as he had never talked before. had neglected his business in order near the girl who had been so y thrust into his life. And it be said that life held new possi-es since the young man had found a.

was the ideal hour between sunset rk; the young people enjoyed it tmost. Calcraft was hoarding a perience which was like finding, ld, but diamonds in an unexpected r. There had been a mingling of ne and shadow in the life of Rand ft which was now assuming large of the former.

g there in the gloaming, his hand tightly to a small pair of shape- very, very near to a heek, the perfume of han new-mown hay is it any wonder that our youthful knight errant forgot another scene by the light of a summer moon—this selfsame summer—when he declared his love for one almost as fair, and revelled in a dream that mastered him like the fires of a forest conflagration.

"Imelda, sweet, I love you!"

It was only a whispered word, very low, very soothing, yet it acted like a blazing match touched to tow.

"Sir, sir, don't say such horrid words!"

The girl roused from her sweet lethargy, pushing him from her with a deep, startled cry.

"But, Imelda—"

"No, no, you must not call me that, you must not!" half screamed the girl, lifting herself with a swift motion, gliding out from the touch of his fondling fingers, going over till she stood by the door, there halting in a great tremble of excitement.

Her breath came in little pants that quite startled him.

"Miss Arden," he began, but she interrupted with a sharp gesture and a half smothered cry of protest. He was quite besieged with conflicting emotions.

"You must not address me at all, sir; I will not have it; and you must go at once, leave me and never, never speak with me again. Tell me you will, tell me so before I go mad."

Rand Calcraft sat stunned.

What a picture of abject misery confronted him there in the little cottage room, a picture that was to haunt him to his dying day.

Never more beautiful than now, stood the fair runaway from a wronged guardian's wrath. Her sensitive features working with internal storm, her full rounded bosom rising and falling with hard-breathed emotion, her whole lithe, willowy frame swaying as if about to fall.

And be it known, never was our young hero more determined than now to not murder his new-born passion at the beck of its inspirer.

"Imelda, calm yourself," said he at length, not daring to approach her, however. "This is not called for. I have no wish to alarm you—"

"Leave me," she commanded, "that is the only way."

"It is your command that I go?" he said hoarsely.

"Yes, yes, go, and never speak with me again!"

"And this is my reward for aiding you to escape your enemies!" he said in a saddened voice.

"Go—leave me before I scream!" she hurled at him hoarsely.

And this was an end to his sudden dream of love. It was humiliating in the extreme. He bit his lip till the blood started. He was no craven. Passing to the door he hesitated one instant, caught suddenly the girl's hand, carried it to his lips. With that he pushed out and was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

THWARTED.

Found and lost.

Such was the position of the young border knight errant. Never till he met Imelda Arden had he really tasted the sweets of love in his heart.

This love had grown upon him like a thing of beauty till it flooded his whole soul. He chafed under it till he could keep silent no longer; thus it was that he had broken his silence with Miss Arden only to be repulsed for his pains.

In his roused anger he had rushed from her presence vowing never to look upon her face again. He was not the first lover to do this only to find that he had mistaken his feelings entirely.

Calcraft returned to the tavern, there to nurse his bruised feelings till he could stand it no longer.

"I will go back to Bark City," he declared, "and see how things are moving at that end of the route. Jim Hadley isn't likely to make any further trouble, and I do owe it to myself to speak again with Surella."

Ah, Surella!

His heart gave a jump at the pronouncement of that name.

A guilty feeling stole into his soul at thought of the girl for whom he had the most profound respect. He had absented himself a long time. Now that Imelda had turned the hose on his consuming love for her he was only too glad to get away, and if need be, turn his attention to his too long neglected business affairs.

As he came out once more into the evening air Calcraft encountered Hugh Fraser who had been looking for him.

"Troth was up to my place again," said the raftsman. "He has it in for you all right enough; says you have interfered to save a criminal from the clutches of the law, and that he is going to see that you get what's coming to ye, which is a nice, swell room inside the State bastile at Marquette."

"Tush for his bloviating," snapped the land-cruiser. "I don't care the snap of my finger for him or his ilk. Tell him so for me when you see him again will you, Hugh?"

"I might, only—"

"Excuse me, old man, but I've got to make the evening train and haven't a minute to lose."

"Don't go to the depot, Rand."

The hand of the raftsman grasped his friend's arm.

"And why not, pray?"

"That is watched."

"Watched?"

"Yes. Fogg is there with a warrant for you; that's why I am here, old man, to save you from the clutches of the Troth gang."

Here was something worth thinking about.

Fraser had well named the enemies of Calcraft the Troth gang. In his manifold dealings with all sorts of people, the young land-cruiser had come in contact with men who were deeply interested in lumbering. More than one race had he made to the State land office to forestall another in the securing of a fat tract of white pine.

Among those who had suffered by his alertness was the rich Detroit firm of Troth & Alberts. More than one valuable tract had Calcraft gathered into the maw of his friends just as the land-looker of the rival firm was on the point of securing it. No wonder then that the Troths and others "had it in" for Rand when occasion offered as it did at the present time.

"You won't go nigh the depot, Rand?" pleaded his friend.

"I don't see how I can avoid it, Hugh. I wish to make Bark City before noon tomorrow. What do I care for this poor fool of a Troth—"

"But," protested Fraser, "he has the law on his side. If ye go nigh the station this night you're a gone goose."

"Gone goose it must be then," and Calcraft strode on with his friend close at his heels.

"Say, wait a minute," cried the raftsman. "There's the water tank."

"But I'm not thirsty," laughed the land-cruiser.

"You can go down there and take the train and give 'em the slip."

"I suppose I might do that," said Rand hesitatingly. "It seems like a cowardly piece of business, however."

"Well, you know, you've got to fight fire with fire," protested Hugh. The two men had halted at a lonely spot about half way from the tavern to the railway station. On one side was a considerable thicket. The bushes stirred as some one pushed into view.

An object hurtled through the air, striking and felling Fraser to the ground. The land-cruiser was unarmed. He made a quick dash into the thicket and was soon struggling in a rough and tumble battle with the man who had thrown the missile.

It was a bout for the mastery all right.

Very few men were muscled as well as Calcraft. He found his antagonist a stout chap, well corded and muscular.

"Let up!" finally gasped the night-prowler as Rand choked and pummeled him into submision.

The land-cruiser dragged his man into the light of a rising moon.

"What did you assault me for?" demanded Rand, still holding fast to the

EDITOR BROWNE

Of the Rockford Morning Star.

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

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Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

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oat of his prisoner. "If you have led my friend here you shall hang for . Speak up, you skunk, speak up!"

'Let go my wizen so't I can," strangely articulated the tough.

Calcraft obeyed so far as to ease up in grasp.

He led the villain into a full view, with e moonlight dancing over his swollen sage. And then a low ejaculation fell om the lips of the land-cruiser.

He recognized the man as one of the w dockwallopers of Bark City.

"What you doing out here, Jack uggles?" asked Calcraft hotly.

"That's my business."

"Yet I purpose to make it mine," and alcraft gave the fellow another twist of e neck. "Speak out, you low scoundrel, d tell me what you are doing here."

"Can't ye see?"

"I can see that you have tried to murr my friend—ah, Hugh, how is it with u, old man?" This latter remark as ugh Fraser moved and sat up.

"I'm all to the good I reckon," and the ftsman struggled to his feet. "That as an awful crack though. Who did it, and?"

"This scurvy rascal here."

"Eh, so you got him dead to rights, eh? ood for you, Randy, boy. My! but he ave me an awful tunk—it's sore yet. Tho is he anyhow?"

The speaker leaned toward Calcraft's risoner, scanning his face narrowly.

"Jack Ruggles, by the powers of mud!"

"You've hit him off all right, Hugh."

"And I've a notion to smash his ugly ug, to pay him for what he did to me, he cowardly cur."

At this the thug began to whine and eg to be let alone.

"Say, Rand, this cuss was with 'Grand Troth when he came to see me this morning. The babe from Detroit's made tool of him. He meant to murder ye, and, that's what he did, hitting the rong man by mistake."

This was also the thought that had entered the brain of Calcraft.

"What shall we do with him, Hugh?"

"Take him to jail of course."

And then the rascally thug began again to whine and beg off.

"It was all a mistake," he declared.

"It will be a mistake if we let you go," said Rand. "Where is your master?"

"I don't know who yer mean."

"Legrand Troth of course."

"I left him down nigh ther depot; he war ter wait fur me," answered Ruggles with the utmost frankness.

"Till you what?"

"Till I gin you ther sluggin' of yer life, Rand Calcraft."

The lips of the land-cruiser tightened across his white teeth. The cool manner in which this wretch discussed his premeditated villainy grated harshly.

He was finding out a new phase in the character of Legrand Troth, a phase that interested and angered him.

"I'll turn this scoundrel over to you, Hugh," said he. "I have not a moment to lose if I would catch the train."

[illegible] was determined in this and his friend no longer tried to dissuade him. Doubtless it had been the intention of the Detroit man to punish his rival in a manner outside the law. There was no danger of his being arrested at any rate not this side of Bark City, and once there Calcraft felt he would be able to take care of himself.

The plot to disfigure his rival had failed, let the Detroit millionaire take care how he showed himself in his—Calcraft's affairs after today.

With cool deliberation the land-cruiser proceeded to bind the arms of Ruggles, after which he turned him over to Hugh Fraser.

"Take him to the lockup, Hugh; get action in law as soon as possible and, if you need a witness other than yourself, telegraph me at Bark City."

To this the raftsman agreed, first gaining his friend's promise not to be caught napping at the depot.

"I have an idea Troth will be glad enough to sneak off without even asking me a single question," said Calcraft as he turned away.

The land-cruiser was not far wrong in his surmise. He caught only a fleeting sight of his enemy, and that only as he was purchasing his ticket. A pair of rather startled green eyes switched their gaze from Calcraft, their owner stealing away to another part of the railway premises. Evidently Troth was disappointed to learn of the failure of his tool to "do up" the land-cruiser.

"Tush on my blundering!"

This ejaculation fell from Calcraft as he sat smoking in the forward coach of the speeding train bound south.

With the words he pulled from his pocket a fluffy bit of old lace and held it up to view in the lamplight—the ancient handkerchief which he had every reason to believe had been dropped by Miss Arden that day of her flight from the home of his cousin Alice.

He had kept the handkerchief as a very dear relic of the past, e'en back to his childhood days. It had been a puzzle to him how sweet Imelda had become possessor of this by-gone bit of lace; he had meant to ask her about it, but never once thought of it when opportunity offered, and now he was speeding away from Rockville to perhaps never meet again this brave, sweet girl who had charmed and thralled him as none other had ever done.

"Too late, always too late!" he muttered despondingly.

When the young man would have thrust the handkerchief into his pocket a hand touched his arm and a low voice said:

"A rare bit of Irish lace, my boy. Where, may I ask, did you come across such a fine old article?"

Calcraft looked up into the smiling face of his friend, Professor Shaffenberger, who seemed the embodiment of good cheer.

CHAPTER XIII.

MET AT THE TRAIN.

Rand made room for the professor at his side.

He was glad to see some one he knew. The monotony of the long ride was to be broken by a friendly chat with Herr Karl.

The big-little man produced his pipe after refusing the proffered cigar of the land-cruiser.

"My old briar for me," laughed the professor. "Cigars nauseate."

"You go far, Herr Shaffenberger?"

"To Bark City."

"Then we shall be companions all the way. About this bit of lace. It is a relic of the past—it is old, shabby, isn't it!"

He placed the handkerchief in the fat hand of the professor, who looked it over with the eye of a connoisseur.

"It's from the Irish loom all right," said he. "You prize it highly you say. Well, we all have some things to take up our attention; even the least bauble is worth more than diamonds sometimes."

"True for you, professor. How did you leave your company?"

"You mean Miss Arden? She was not quite at her ease, and that gave me my cue—I go to call on Giles Kranbourne."

"In her behalf?"

"Yes. The child is entitled to better treatment than she has received."

"I agree with you there. You found some papers—"

"Yes, yes, the coat I got hold of by mistake had a parcel of important documents. I hope you won't think me very wicked when I tell you that I looked into them and found them very interesting. Miss Arden has them now; they belonged to her, from her guardian you know."

"Exactly," granted Calcraft. "She told you about herself?"

"Oh, a considerable," hesitatingly.

"I don't ask you to betray any confidences," quickly uttered Rand. "I too am on my way to Bark City to interview Giles Kranbourne. This girl would certainly not run away from such a home without just cause. She has, I confess, interested me. The idea of her guardian offering a reward for her arrest is very repugnant to my ideas of justice."

"And of mine too, Mr. Calcraft. There's a mystery about it all that needs unraveling. I mean to put in a short time striving to do that very thing. We seem to be traveling the same road, sir," and a low laugh followed.

"Would you mind telling something about the contents of the packet you found—that is, if the knowledge will not not compromise the girl."

"I'm not caring to talk," was the wary response.

"As you like of course," said Calcraft in a discomfited voice.

The young man thought of Troth's attempt to injure him through the scoundrel Ruggles and his ire suddenly rose. He sprang up and went down the aisle determined to find the Detroiter if he was on the train and call him to account.

The young land-cruiser made the length of the train without results There was a sleeper attached which Rand did not attempt to invade. He believed Troth was on this and he would bide his time, meeting the young millionaire later.

As for sleep that seemed out of the question for the young man whose brain was in a more or less confused whirl over recent events. He did not go back to the smoker but threw himself into an unoccupied seat in the day coach, drew his hat over his eyes and tried to doze.

In this attempt to drown his troubles he was entirely unsuccessful. He could not drive the vision of a lovely face, framed in bronze-gold curls from his dreams. That this fair, mysterious maiden was the object of a most bitter persecution he did not doubt. His love for her was something passing understanding. The fact that he did love her worried and vexed him to the soul.

A feeling that he was disloyal to that other girl, the delicately reared Surella Kranbourne, vexed him sorely.

After an hour Calcraft roused up from a touch on his arm.

"Napping I see," chuckled big, good-natured Herr Karl, who had come to again disturb his reflections.

Rand frowned, unable to conceal his annoyance. The professor did not fail to notice the annoyed expression on the other's face.

"Sorry to disturb you, my boy," he said with a deprecatory wave of his thick palm. "I got to thinking, however, and so looked you up."

With that the fat man dropped into the vacant seat beside Calcraft.

"Anything doing?" asked the younger man.

"Well, yes, I reckon maybe. About those papers?"

"Papers?"

"The bonds, deeds and the like Miss Arden is toting about the country."

"So that is what they were—bonds and deeds?"

"Yes, and money—a large sum."

"How much?"

"At least a hundred thousand dollars."

"Impossible!" gasped the land-cruiser, sitting up now and taking notice.

"Why do you say that? Am I a liar—"

"No, no," burst forth Rand in wild eagerness. "But, you know, that's a lot of money for a young girl to carry about on her person. If it were known her life would not be worth a sixpence. You simply astound me!"

"That is something the way I felt at first."

The professor stroked the back of one fat hand and seemed very thoughtful.

"You turned all these papers back into the hands of Miss Arden?"

"I certainly did."

"But was it a safe thing to d[illegible] know what the papers say?"

"It was the only thing to do [illegible] honest with myself. One look in[illegible] girl's face was sufficient to sati[illegible] that she is as honest as the day. D[illegible] you try the experiment, Mr. Calcraft?"

"What experiment?"

"Looking into the eyes of Imelda Arden."

"I—ah—yes, I think I did," stammered the land-cruiser, blushing like a schoolboy.

"Then you will bear me out when I say that she is neither a thief nor a bad character?"

"Sure!" exclaimed Rand. "Has any one dared—"

"No, no, of course not," quickly protested the fat professor. "But the papers, the reward and all that. I am going to see old Kranbourne and call him down good and heavy. That man has borne an exceptionally good reputation through a long business career hasn't he?"

"Yes, his reputation is or has been of the highest."

"So! Well, there's a flaw in his skin which I'm going to probe."

"How is that?"

"He's been a wolf in lamb's clothing quite too long."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that old Kranbourne is a dyed in the wool scoundrel."

"Now, Mr. Shaffenberger—"

"Protests are in order of course, but they won't go down with me. I have known of this big lumber king for a long time. He has held many important offices in the gift of the people, and has always, so far as I know, made good every time; for all this I am prepared to denounce the man as a first class whited sepulcher."

Again the professor stroked his fat hand and looked gravely into vacancy. His companion was curious and began firing questions.

"One at a time, please, they will last longer," said Herr Karl. "By the merest chance I have become possesed of information that brands Kranbourne a hypocrite and a scoundrel. I suppose you wonder what use I mean to make of my knowledge. The use depends."

"On what?" from Calcraft.

"On how he treats his ward. He must reinstate her in his home, give her every right, and set her square with the world."

"If he refuses?"

"In that case I shall proceed to send him to prison." The thick hands worked together in a nervous clutching that showed how Herr Karl's feeling were involved.

"What is this you possess?"

"That I will hold in abeyance till I have a quiet talk with Mr. Kranbourne. Meantime I think I shall trust you, sir?"

"If you have any doubts do not trust me."

Yet, withal, Rand was consumed with curiosity. After a moment of careful thought the professor proceeded.

"I am not doubting. I may need hel[illegible] so shall make a confidant of you, M[illegible] Calcraft."

"Thanks. I appreciate your goodness, Herr Karl."

"By accident as you know I came into possession of valuable papers, fro[illegible] which I learned that Giles Kranbou[illegible] had deeded a large share of his vast property holdings to Imelda Arden. Surprising is it not, that he should place such vast property interests in such weak hands?"

"Not weak hands—"

"A girl's hands," snapped Herr Karl as if vexed at the interruption. "I wi[illegible] only say that this act was done for th[illegible] very evident purpose of forestalling h[illegible] creditors."

"In that event it shows that his d[illegible]

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BING

ings with his ward have been of the most confidential character," said Calcraft. "I am puzzled to know why this accusation of robbery. If Kranbourne trusted the girl, as you state, it certainly proves that he has utter confidence in her."

"It would seem so at first blush," admitted the other. "But there are other things to be considered."

"Yes, Herr Karl?"

"Considerations known to no one save perhaps Giles and myself."

"You interest me."

"I thought I should," and the fat man chuckled. "Imelda is a very rich woman providing the deeds hold good."

"You have doubts?"

"I well may have. If the lumberman's creditors can show that these transfers were made for the purpose of defrauding then they can break them down. I think myself that fraud was intended. I have talked with the girl interested, however, and do not believe her a party to the rascality."

At this moment Herr Professor was called away by a friend. He went, promising to continue his talk later.

That time did not come. however, since, an hour later, Rand going through the cars, learned that Herr Shaffenberger had quitted the train at a way station immediately after leaving him.

This was disappointing. Something of considerable importance must have occurred to cause the professor to alter his plans.

The northern train thundered into the depot at Bark City soon after daylight. Very few people were stirring—one of a man wearing a star, stepped up tapped him on the shoulder, craft, I want you; you are my

apital story will be continued in t issue of the Ledger. During the coming year many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Prolific English Sparrow.

Time was when the writers of nature stories had no deeper thought and no more elaborate plan of procedure in feeding the birds than to shake the tablecloth out of the window. According to the theory the birds would reward such generosity by hanging about and singing and being otherwise companionable.

Now they hang a soup bone and some tallow and an apple and half an orange and some peanuts in a tree, together with a cup of sweetened water, and the English sparrows have a feast.

The English sparrow does not sing. Neither is he at all companionable. The highest thought in his shallow head is to get something to eat, and to keep other birds from getting it.

When it comes to multiplication the English sparrow has the Belgian hare backed off the boards, according to the Galveston News. Nobody knows exactly how many young English sparrows occupy a nest, but from the annual crop of sparrows it is reasonably plain either that there are forty-five or fifty to a nest, or the English sparrow lays eight eggs a week and hatches them all.

The sparrow enjoys life most when taking grain from the chickens. He swoops down in droves and hops about eating more than the average Plymouth Rock. When he has eaten all he can hold he sits on a rail and keeps other birds from eating.

He's an interesting bird, the English sparrow. A single pair of him some dozens of years ago, brought to this country as a novelty, has resulted in driving away nearly all the song birds. He is a unclean bird and always deposits mites and things in the chicken yards and pigeon lofts.

He is quarrelsome and selfish and mean and pessimistic, and other birds find there is no living with him.

In color he is a rusty brown, sometimes of a grayish, dirty, curiously dusty shade. To look at him the selfishness of the little beast stands out plainly. He drives others away, or some stronger bird drives him away, always with commotion and savage complainings.

And all the time the song birds, the forest birds of story and tradition and legend, are getting scarcer and scarcer, while the sparrow is increasing at a rate that promises absolute extinction to them.

And some of us look out of the window at the sparrows eating merrily and good we have fed them, never thinking that if the pesky little unclean beasts were exterminated the useful and pleasure-giving birds would have a ance.

* * *

In the Drug Store.

"Give me a two-cent stamp, please. Here's a $10 bill—it's the smallest I have—what, haven't you any more convenient change than all that silver? I can't carry that about with me. Well, the ea! Are you supposed to be running rug store, or what? me use your phone. No free 'phone? Well, this is jumping off place, I must say. If I to drop a nickel in I'll have to have change—please give me change for this $5 bill.

"Well, they don't answer. Of all the service? Is there a city directory here? Where? For goodness sake, this is last year's directory—haven't you a new one? Huh! Give me a little piece of licorice root for the baby to bite on. Why, this seems to be wormy—haven't you a smooth piece? How do you sell your magazines? No, I don't want to buy one—we subscribe for all the good ones, and you don't seem to have those. I'll just read this one while I'm waiting for a friend. O, and please give me a wide-mouthed bottle, holding about so much. What—five cents? You don't mean to tell me that you charge for empty bottles? I know, but when a person has been shopping all over your store, it seems to me you might be a little accommodating about little things like—Baby! Put that thermometer down—throw it down at once! It might poison you. There—I'm glad it was only a cheap thing, or you might have wanted me to pay for it because she smashed it. Thank goodness, there's my car! Will you please hold the door open till we get out?"

* * *

Nurse Was Perplexed.

"The good wife of one of my California friends," said Nat Goodwin, "prides herself upon her smooth running of her household. Anybody who's dined there, too, knows she is pretty nearly right in her pride, too. But it got quite a severe jolt—so did her husband's—when she set about hiring another maid recently.

"The lady is very particular about her servants. They must have the best of references, be well appearing, of quiet demeanor and always the pink of respectfulness. Well, they were engaging a new nurse for the establishment, because of a third addition to the family. The applicant called after due notice. Mrs. X. took her in at a glance, and, finding her, so far, so good, began to ask her the regulation questions.

"'You know,' she began, 'my husband is very particular as to what sort of person I engage for a nurse. He wishes to find out everything about you before I can engage you. Do you know how to prepare food?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'Can you sew and mend?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'Do you mind sitting up late at night?'

"'No, ma'am.'

"'Are you always devoted to your charge?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'Have you a naturally loving disposition and would you—'

"'Excuse me, ma'am, but is it a baby or your husband I'm to take care of?'"

* * *

The Diary.

"George, dear, I've got a diary and made up my mind to keep it."

"All right, my love. It's a habit that never becomes chronic. The diary is gilt edged I suspect?"

"Yes, dear, and with a lovely limp morocco cover."

"And it matches your new walking suit, of course?"

"Why how do you know that? And it has a sweet little pencil in a cunning groove."

"Charming. There's a calendar inside, no doubt?"

"Yes, dear. And there's a page about foreign postage and things."

"Great! And a list of the wedding anniversaries, from 'soothing sirup' to 'diamond.'"

"Yes, George. And the language of flowers and birthstones."

"Fine. And the code of handkerchief flirtations, no doubt?"

"Certainly not. Now you're making fun of me. It's really a dear little book. Of course I could exchange it."

"Exchange it. Exchange a diary?"

"Why, yes. You see, I won it at bridge whist at Mrs. Dummeigh's and it's so nice I think I'll keep it."

"But don't you intend to write in it?"

"Write in it! Why, I never thought of that!"

* * *

First Air Balloon.

The chymical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will inquire) which, dissolved by an acid, emits a vapor lighter than the atmospherical air, wrote Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Tharle Sept. 22, 1783, according to the New York World. This vapor is caught, among other means, by tying a bladder compressed upon the bottle in which the dissolution is performed; the vapor, rising, swells the bladder and fills it. The bladder is then tied and removed and another applied till as much of this new air is collected as is wanted. Then a large spherical case is made, and very large it must be, of the lightest matter that can be found, secured, by some method like that of oiling silk, against all passage of air. Into this are emptied all the bladders of light air, and if there is light air enough it mounts into the clouds, upon the same principle as a bottle filled with water will sink in water, but a bottle filled with ether will float. It rises till it comes to air of equal tenuity with its own, if wind or water does not spoil it on the way. Such, madam, is an air balloon.

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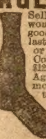

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David Grant's Sacrifice;

A Tale of Human Pawns

By MASON RAY

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CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Herbert Brackway roused to a realization of his surroundings and horror of the night's event he dragged himself to his feet and started back to face the accusing police. When he reached the Grant and Brackway law office the place was deserted. Nothing met his view but the neat piles of papers on the roll top desk, the neglected drop light and the vacant rotary chair.

With a groan the real criminal sank into his foster brother's seat and gave himself to frenzied thought. He had, in a moment of terror, sworn to keep silent regarding his guilt. Was this right? Would he be justified in thus shielding himself and family from the result of his crime? Conscience answered, no. Although he shrank in every fiber from facing the ordeal he resolved to acknowledge his guilt and take the consequences. He would, in the morning, go to David at the jail, discuss the matter anew and take the voluntary prisoner's place. Until then he must follow David's directions to the letter.

Having come to this decision he picked up David's hat and went slowly and wretchedly down stairs then home. Noiselessly he let himself in with the latch-key Grant had thoughtfully transferred to the clothing he wore; softly he ascended the stairs to his room. In another hour he slept from sheer exhaustion.

At an early hour he secured a cup of coffee from Martha, the protesting cook, who disliked to have the family straggle at meal time. To confront his parents and sister was an ordeal beyond his strength so he escaped into the street and set out for the precinct jail where David must have been lodged. He now wore a suit of dark blue serge. David's gray clothing had been hung in the closet of his own room, which was adjacent to Herbert's. This act had been due to Herbert's instinct of neatness and order rather than a plan for dissimulation. He merely restored the garments to their rightful place. Now as he traversed the thoroughfare cityward newsboys appeared with editions of morning papers. He bought copies of the Tribune, Free Press and News. He was aware that reporters waiting at police stations would report the last night's arrest. He wished to see the press' version of the murder and find out, if possible, the identity of his victim.

The first columns gave details of a railroad disaster, but parallel to this with exaggerated heading, was the reporter's story of David Grant's arrest and spectacular escape.

Herbert read the account with his blood at fever heat. His brother was exalted, in his mind, to the foremost rank of the world's heroes. Doubtless he had left the city. The thought reminded him that, in their confused haste, they had neglected to arrange for communication. But, doubtless, David would find means to acquaint him with his wishes. Until then he would refrain from making an initiatory move. Furthermore the Bonnell and Kerrick trial opened that day. David's carefully prepared brief must be read in court and their client's interest receive especial care. In short he was not at liberty to enact a melodraam by declaring himself the murderer of the dying or dead Lanigan. Intent upon the first thing to be done in line of duty, he changed his course and walked in the direction of the law office. Here he set patiently at work to familiarize himself with the case in hand.

Two hours later the other three members of the Brackway family gathered about the breakfast table. The judge, with steady gaze, perused his morning daily. His immobile countenance gave no sign that he read of the downfall of his protege. Long years of self-repression had made of his fine countenance a mask to conceal thought. He was, however, convinced that Grant's act was the outbreak of inborn depravity. Familiarity with every type of criminal and crime had deprived him of faith in any lasting good coming from the offspring of rogues. Good parentage was everything. He often remarked that the ancestors of a perfect man must be carefully selected during a period of ten generations. This decimal sort of being might then hope for mental and moral excellence.

His chief concern, at the moment, was the manner in which he should inform his delicate, nerve-racked wife of this fiiasco in street waif redemption. He glanced over the top of his paper. His wife was pouring coffee; her face, carved in lines that indicated sweetness of disposition, was lowered. Her soft and silvered hair waved each side of her temples and was gathered into a yet luxuriant coil. When she lifted her gaze to pass his cup the deep blue eyes had in their depths infinite patience.

"The boys must have breakfasted and gone to the office early," she remarked in soft, almost caressing accents. To her, the young lawyers nearing thirty years of age, were still "boys."

"Herbert had coffee shortly after Martha started the kitchen fire," answered Sadie Brackway, her daughter. "David has not been home."

Mrs. Brackway regarded Sadie with a look of sharp foreboding.

"There's no occasion for anxiety, mother," Sadie assured her. "David is working day and night on the Bonnell and Kerrick case."

The girl bent her golden head above her cereal and commenced her breakfast with the healthy appetite of practical eighteen when fancy free. To her mother she owed her delicate vivid beauty but from her father came habits of cool, unbiased reflection. She possessed the judicial mind combined with an almost boyish love of out-door sport, and such a maid wakes slowly to the power of coquetry.

The judge's confidence in his daughter's discretion was that moment emphazied. With a slight motion of his left hand he slipped the daily with its glaring headlines beneath the area of her vision.

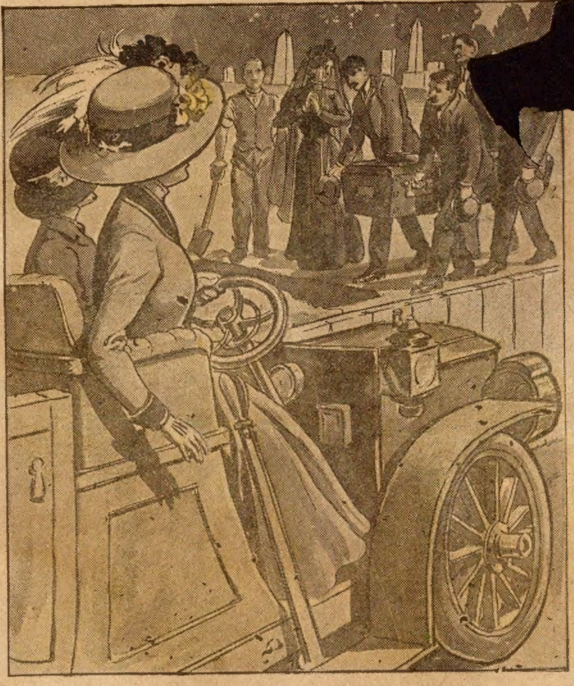
Instantly she seemed as one turned to stone; the silver spoon paused in air, her eyes widened with dismay but no sound passed her lips. For a full minute the judge waited for her to take the lead in what her woman's instinct, might advise. Then, with steady voice she said:

"Reading dailies at breakfast is a vile American custom. I wish, pap, you'd wait until later."

He had his answer. After the meal was finished and Martha had removed the tray loaded with remnants and dishes Sadie and the judge quietly made known to the mother all that had happened. She listened with white face but before the close the daughter caught her swaying form as she sank in a deathlike swoon.

"I feared this," said the Judge. "Call Martha. Your mother's nervous condition is serious. And Sadie," he called after her, "summon Dr. Carroll on the phone."

The daughter moved surely and swiftly on her errands. Her mother's nervous attacks were too well understood to cause especial alarm. When the invalid was cared for by the family physician and the old servant, Sadie was at liberty to think of the news item and its dread significance. For this purpose she fled to the seclusion of her own room. In a chintz-covered arm chair she forced her mind back to the beginning. She gathered in array every scrap of information concerning this adopted brother whom she had known from infancy. Had he committed this crime? Her father's theory and the fact that David admitted his guilt made little impression. She would decide the matter for herself. In the midst of her reflections a light rap sounded on the door.



The two friends watched the burial of Lanigan.

"Come in, Ada," Sadie invited, but herself swung it wide. On the portal stood, with the ominous morning paper in hand, the doctor's slender little daughter. Her large dark eyes were horror-filled; her small brunette face was ashen.

"Sadie, what does this mean?" she cried.

"I don't know, Ada. I am trying to think what can be at the bottom of all this newspaper stuff. Of course it occurred, but why?"

The two friends faced each other with questioning eyes.

"He's innocent," declared Ada. "You know he had no more to do with shooting that poor bricklayer than I—or you."

"But why does he shoulder the guilt?" demanded Sadie.

Even as she voiced the query her knowledge of Grant's character answered the riddle.

"Could it be a mistake?" she said, adding question to question.

"Whatever it was," cried Ada, "David is innocent of intentional wrong doing."

The two girls discussed the affair from every point of view. Like children lost in a forest they ever returned to the same place. As they talked Ada possessed herself of Sadie's toilet articles and made neat her disheveled locks and tear-stained eyes. Though the heavens fall a pretty woman must care for her appearance. The process seemed to clear her [illegible]

"We'll prove him to be justified in act if he did it," she said with deci

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BEST SIL

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Narcissus French bette 10

if he is blameless we'll clear his
from this charge."
w?" asked practical Sadie.
'll see this dying Lanigan and ask
or the truth."
Halbert would never admit us,"
ed Sadie.
least we can try," urged Ada.
a," her friend said softly with ac-
love David."
at swept upward
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quent reply. She
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hour the two frien desired
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s that leads, Ada, because
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chauffeur stopped at
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nswer.
said.
ere," oed Ada.
he doctor told her. "He begged
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ented, since the man could do no
harm than, perhaps, to shorten
a few hours. He was removed
the day yesterday."
ere?"
doctor wrote the address on a card
ssed it to Lanigan's caller. He
ed the eminent physician's daugh-
as indulging in a bit of slum work.
ould not harm the bricklayer so he
tted her to carry out her design.
understood," Ada said, as she rose
after thanking the interne, "that
an refused to give his address."
t was a passing whim," the doctor
d. "His wife was sent for dur-
e evening at his request. She
to remove him."
with Lanigan's address Ada re-
to the motor and her waiting
Briefly she explained the situa-
nd the two proceeded to thread
ay along unfamiliar streets. Fin-
ey reached the weed-grown yards
npainted squalor of the thorough-
med in the address. Ada stopped
the number given. She stopped
crossed the
of yard
the t ill-condi-
se. She kn ed. After a
nt of delay she repeated her demand
mittance. Suddenly the door swung
and a tall Gipsy-like woman stared
antly at the intruder.

"I am Doctor Carroll's daughter," explained Ada. "My friend and I have something to say to the man who was shot. It is of vital importance that we be allowed to see him."

"He is dead," said the woman harshly and shut the door in the girl's face.

"She says that Lanigan is dead," reported Ada. "But," she added, "I believe the woman lied."

"Lied!" cried Sadie. "But why?"

"We'll come back and find that out," decided her friend.

That afternoon another call on the interne verified the woman's statement.

"Yes," he told Ada, "the man died during the night. I was notified shortly after you called. They wished me to issue a burial permit. I have just sent my assistant, Dr. Schriver, to the place of death. All details for interment will be arranged so the burial can take place this afternoon."

Ada repeated this obituary intelligence to her companion when she was again at steering wheel.

believe," ended Ada, "that we might as well attend that funeral. I'd like to have another look at the woman we saw at the door."

With this object in view the girls revisited the spot at the hour most likely to be chosen for the burial. Ada guided her small car into the street just as a hearse stopped at the Lanigan door. The driver smoked a huge cigar with the utmost nonchalance but as he noted signs his inert passenger being conveyed gh the hall he carefully extinguish- fire and pocketed the weed. Im- ely the door opened and the in- casket, carried by four pall- and was slipped into rse. These men were ure but decently clad in od waiting until a hired ned up and whirled into ne with hearse. One of the men then returned to the house and escorted a heavily veiled woman to the carriage. The five then entered the vehicle, three occupying the front seat, the woman in heavy mourning and one man on the opposite side. Instantly the small procession started for the nearest cemetery.

"What an extraordinary funeral," Sadie commented. "The poor can't decently bury their dead."

"We'll join them at a distance," Ada declared, "and see this affair to the end."

Their course now led toward the city suburbs along shaded streets that were already leaf-strewn. Presently they neared the city of eternal silence. In a corner that appeared to be space given to paupers was an open grave guarded by two policemen and presided over by the grave digger. The former were evidently witnesses. The latter was pressed into the dual capacity of clergyman and sexton; he read a short burial service, then, when the casket was lowered, he proceeded to fill in earth. The four pallbearers and the apparently weeping widow remained on the spot until the last spadefull of red sand was heaped into place. They then re-entered the hired conveyance and started back at a trot.

The two friends had watched the burial of Lanigan from the street but every move had been visible. They now turned the motor about and sped homeward. Their superior pace overtook the carriage that conveyed the widow. As they came abreast the two girls obtained a full view of the occupants. The widow was still veiled, but to the unbounded astonishment of Ada and her companion, the four pallbearers seemed to be convulsed with merriment.

"Did you see that?" Sadie exclaimed wide-eyed with horror.

"I'll never forget that burial," Ada cried. "It was heathenish; it was brutal!"

Day after day Herbert used Grant's prepared notes in a stubbornly contested suit. The battle concerned a city franchise that involved immense sums in cash and property. On the twelfth day the case went to the jury and Herbert rested. Inactivity, however, let loose the horrors of remorse. During the trial concentration of purpose left little time for repining. He had stood, white-faced, stern-eyed, working out his partner's commands. Now he was again forced to confront the hideous secret that gnawed at his vitals. In the roll top desk was another imperative demand from Borlich backed by the usual threats.

"And see that the cash is delivered by daylight," he stipulated. "No more back alley doings for yours truly."

This coincided with his debtor's inclination. Herbert cashed the check given him by Grant and took a cab to Borlich's gambling parlors. The proprietor met him with a grin that overspread his black whiskered face and intensified his villainous expression.

"Glad I was forced to disappoint you the night we arranged to settle," he said grimly. "That lawyer brother o' yourn might-a mistook me for Lanigan." He ughed in huge appreciation of the joke.

"Take your blackmailing price, give me my notes and shut up. "I'm done with you," Herbert flashed back but his face was ashen.

As he passed from the building Bor- ch's laughter followed him like the chination of an evil spirit.

What does he know? How much he suspect? Of what is he hinting?" ert questioned himself. Cold sweat his face; his hands were clammy.

Despite Herbert's high resolves of open confession he was physically a coward. Could he have known that the gambler had officiated as one of Lanigan's pallbearers the knowledge would have given food for thought and have filled him with apprehension. As it was this move in the great human chess game escaped his notice.

Cabled news of Grant's recapture now flashed across the Atlantic and gave zest to the evening edition of dailies. Herbert read the account with blurred gaze while the sheet violently quivered in his trembling hands. In the depths of his mind he had hoped never to be obliged to own his guilt. He had vaguely imagined that his brother would remain in hiding. This brought him back to the threshold of a convict's cell. His agony of mind proved that he had not thought of evading this fate. When David reached the city he would see that complete justice was meted out to each.

Five days of mental anguish ensued. His loudly proclaimed victory in the Bonnell and Kerrick suit was as the apples of Sodom. He found relief in nothing but severe, exhausting labor. Then the morning dawned when the dailies emblazoned forth the story of Grant's tragic self-murder. Herbert read it in the law office, seated in his partner's chair. As the truth of what he saw in type penetrated to his benumbed brain he slipped by degrees to the cold floor and lay as one dead.

Sadie and her friend, at the same moment, bent over the ink-damp sheet in the former's pretty sleeping room. Ada, at last, lifted her head; her face glowed with excitement.

"They are deceived. David lives!" she cried.

"Impossible," Sadie declared, but her blue eyes flashed with an answering gleam.

"That the idiots suppose him dead is the best guarantee of his continued safety," Ada reasoned.

"Why are you so certain that he again escaped under such terrible conditions?" Sadie demanded.

"Because," explained her friend, "you and I know beyond the possibility of doubt that David was no coward."

"No," agreed Sadie, "he was not a coward and he considered a self-murderer the chief of cowards. Therefore he lives. We must work to clear his record. When that is accomplished we can recall him from the end of the earth."

"But, in the meantime," Ada warned, "no one must suspect our belief or know of our design."

In this manner Grant's foster sister and his sweetheart divined the truth, while the world-wise reason of the judge, police and even Herbert accepted what appeared on the surface.

Meanwhile Grant hoboed his way toward the land of the setting sun. Despite his ability to pay fare he dared not risk detection and re-arrest. The dangling fetter on his right hand was a constant menace to freedom. How it was to be removed puzzled him greatly. The hand, enlarged by exercise and swollen by exposure, defied his attempt at ridding himself of the condemning bands.

Toward morning he slipped from his hiding place at a small town where the train stopped at a water tank. He believed it policy to desert what proved to be a through freight rather than accompany it into a large depot. He greatly desired food and sleep. He supposed it an easy matter to find a secluded spot, but found that, for a man wearing half-shed manacles, no place was desirable. At the creek flowing under the railroad bridge he unwound the handkerchief from his wounded left hand. Sea water had done much toward healing it. The torn knuckles could be left unbandaged. He washed his face, brushed his clothing with the stained handkerchief and both looked and felt refreshed.

With but one hand in the concealing pocket he started out to tramp his way to the next station. An approaching workman, dinner pail in hand, reminded him that he must be ready to meet wayfarers without arousing suspicion. He advanced briskly with nerves tense for the encounter. The sandy-haired, good-tempered laborer passed him with a nod and the danger was over.

Grant did not make the mistake—like Lot's wife—of looking back. He was no Bellamite. Instead he walked on with the air of a man hastening to an appointment. Other workmen, in pairs or singly, met and passed him. An early farmer drove by with products for the village. As he perceived how little his movements concerned the human beings about him his spirits rose. He began to revolve plans for securing a file. One might be stolen from a car shop or smithy if he watched his chance. To purchase an article of that kind meant to court arrest.

Just in advance of him a woman emerged from a gate and walked in the same direction as himself. The incident disturbed him greatly. Women, having more time at disposal, would be apt to scrutinize the wayfarer more closely than the hurrying workmen. About him in every direction was a network of telephone wires. If this lady's suspicion was awakened she could notify an entire neighborhood that an escaped criminal was at large.

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coat he passed on her right side without a glance in her direction. For five miles or more he imagined that roused inmates regarded him from every window. In a bit of woodland he rested an hour at noon but dared not sleep. During the afternoon his dread of meeting people left him. At dusk he entered a village and hunger-weakness forced him to purchase bread.

Having placed several bits of loose change in his left pocket, he boldly walked down the main street and entered a bakery. A wholesome appearing woman filled paper sacks with the rolls and cakes he ordered. The price was extracted from his pocket with the left hand and placed on the counter. Through his curved right arm he thrust the bundles, then opened the door.

"You must be left-handed," the woman remarked.

But with a "good night" Grant escaped from both the situation and the question.

The meal that followed was memorable. Afterwards he quenched his thirst at a public horse trough where water flowed constantly from a hydrant. With the remains of the bakery goods stored for future use he ventured back to the railroad which threaded all these villages and was their life-artery. An hour later he was astride the bumper of a box car and in motion. His eyes were heavy with desire for sleep. During thirty-six hours the fugitive had been alert and on the move. Now he vainly fought against a sleep that meant death under the wheels of the night train into Buffalo. His head sank to his chest in spite of every device of self-punishment. He could scarce rouse to a sense of alarm when a voice from above addressed him.

"Say, pard," he heard as in a dream, "if you ain't careful you'll be spread along quite a bit o' country. I've been a-watching an' you seem too well tanked for safety."

Grant looked up at a head which overhung the car roof and shut out a section of sky.

"Are you alone?" he asked, remembering that hoboes travel often in squads.

"Except for yourself," admitted the voice, which had in it a quizzical note of humor, "we're the only dead beats on this special."

"If that's all that interferes with your pleasure," Grant said, now wide awake, "here's grub enough for six. Come down and get it."

"No," objected the voice, "you come up. If you go on bobbing like you was you'll drop off."

This was advice Grant could not afford to disregard. He resolved to place himself in the tramp's power because no other course was possible. Instinctively he trusted the owner of the mirthful voice. With the man's assistance he scrambled to the flat roof. Neither could see the other's face clearly, but the lone hobo instantly discovered Grant's badge of crime.

"I may steal rides but I ain't that sort," was his comment as he greedily attacked the paper of lunch.

Grant perceived the futility of stating facts.

"It's the old story," he lied. "Speculation followed by embezzlement."

"Quit it," said the hobo. "I hain't no use for what your mouth says. It can say anything. But if you look as good by daylight as you sound to me by night I'll help you to a file an' help you out."

"Why are you traveling on the outside of a box car?" Grant asked his invisible companion.

"Me? Oh, I'm looking for work," the tramp said ironically. "Us chaps what travel overland free are all looking for work. As for me, that's straight. I—"

Grant heard no more. He became the seven sleepers condensed. His strangely acquired companion grasped the loose handcuff as a precaution against the wearer rolling off the car roof. He then spread himself on his back and watched the mystery of the heavens. Dark cloud banks deliberately marched across the moon, were rimmed with pale gold, lightened to fleecy radiance, then swept by with awful resistless force and blended with black masses far beyond. Long before daylight the tramp shook his charge into consciousness.

"We better git off here," advised his friend. "It's the last stop this side the city depots. On account o' your wrist bangle I reckoned it 'ud be best to hoof it part way into Pennsylvania."

The two swung over the car roof to the bumpers, then to the ground. By a narrow margin they evaded night workmen and left the tracks behind them. In the flash of yard lights Grant discovered that his traveling companion was a young man not more than twenty years of age. The youth's clothing was in the last stage of decomposition. His own badly tumbled apparel seemed elegant by contrast. After this brief scrutiny they again became shadowy forms in the intermittent moonlight.

"Now, Mr. Speculator," the youth suggested, "suppose we rest back o' this here shed till daylight."

"Call me John Bryant," Grant told him without the slightest pretension to ownership of the name. "And yours?" he queried.

"Alf Turner, with a bonyfied patent right to it," declared the youth. "I belong out Nebraska way, where you have to tie yourself on a horse else the wind'll blow you off. Had some words with my stepfather after my mother died. He ended by advising me to crawl over the horizon. I set off immediate with the idea that I'd git a title to all the country outside the horizon, then go back an' crow. Well, sir, I ain't earned a good quality of salt and had to give up pepper. No one in these here towns seem to want a cattle drover nor a man to drive a gang plow, so I took to traveling for a living."

Observing that "John Bryant" again slept, head on arm and fettered hand beneath him, Alf followed his example. He was aware that the screech of five o'clock whistles would warn them of daybreak. In this manner the rising young lawyer, whose acumen had just won a famous suit, passed the second night after his supposed suicide.

The first hoarse blast of a factory whistle caused Grant to start upright, but Alf, having stood guard the fore part of the night, still slumbered. The young lawyer took advantage of [illegible] circumstance to extract some bills from their place of concealment in his belt. But, as the East brightened and he could plainly see his hobo acquaintance, his apprehension of possible treachery vanished. The lad lay with face upturned and Grant thought of Sadie as he gazed down at the fair hair and fine face of the youth who had been deported over the horizon. For all of the grime and wretched apparel the fleeting resemblance held his attention. It was nothing more than the tint of Alf's unsho locks and the lack of guile in his sleep ing countenance, but when that forlo youth presently opened his deep eyes his gaze rested on the ma was to be a life-long friend.

"Well, what do you know ab Alf exclaimed in a recent acq of slang, as he rose on one el inspected his, till now, invisible mate. "Ought-a been snooping round for a file long ago," he declare "an' here it's broad day."

Grant extended some silver.

"Buy one at the nearest store when places open," he directed. "And try to secure one or two papers. I depend on them for news regarding my disappearance. Don't forget our breakfast," he added.

"Not much danger," assured Alf. "Grub at six in the morning is too uncommon to be overlooked. So, Mr. John Bryant, you stay right here and practice on that new name so's you'll know it when you hear it spoke while I skirmish for the needful."

As he mischievously laughed back over his shoulder Grant thought he had rarely seen a more attractive visage. The full blue eyes were dreamily quiet in repose but easily lighted to merriment, the features were regular with a slight curl at the corners of the mouth that indicated a love of humor. In all the face showed a character, as yet, unsullied by contact with toughs and unembittered by misfortune.

In an incredibly short time Alf reappeared with the precious file and the slightly less welcome newspapers.

"So soon?" cried Grant. "I didn't suppose the stores would open for an hour."

"They won't," agreed Alf.

"Then where—" commenced the fugitive.

"Stole it," explained Alf, complacently. "If I'd a bought that tool some guy 'ud a follered me to see me use it. Some folks has a heap of curiosity. I just nosed 'round the car tool house an' fetched this back for a souvenir."

"And the papers?" queried Grant.

"Why, you see," Alf argued, "several families was careless 'bout taking in last night's news off their front steps. I brung them where they'd be appreciated."

The young lawyer was not in position to reprove his friend for pilfering while himself a confessed embezzler.

"You neglected nothing, my friend," he said with a grateful smile, "but the inner man."

"We'll 'tend to the outer man first," declared Alf. "And as this shed seems on the suburb of things, we might's well take your bangle off here as anywhere."

Grant, however urgent the need for haste in removing his mark of Cain, was immersed in the outspread news. Under his amazed eyes lay the write-up of his tragic death. That his body had not been recovered made no difference in the public belief. Anson swore, with the backing of witnesses, that his prisoner was never left alone unmanacled. To have removed them was impossible. The sequence of reason showed that the prisoner had picked the door lock, had managed to gain the deck undiscovered and had then sprung overboard. To swim while fettered was beyond human power; therefore, David Grant was dead.

"Which also proves," Grant mentally concluded, "that the bogus slayer of Lanigan must stay dead."

Anson's very natural mistake, however, relieved the exile from fear of being followed. He had nothing to apprehend if ordinary precaution was observed. The half column gave a brief re sume of the shooting, death and buri of the strangely assaulted brickla The second and third papers, prov by Alf, made no mention of the D happening. The fourth, a Chicago summed up the matter in six line together, Grant perceived—not w bitterness of spirit—that his withdra left no gaping void in the activities o

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Some women would rather be unhappily
arried than happy spinsters.

Some men try to make an arc light
isplay with a can of kerosene.

It is better to get right at the start
han to back up and start again.

Wise is the woman who is master of
art of saying pleasant things.

doubt the mind cure is all right—if
have the mind to begin with.

The first time a bride loses her temper
worries her husband half to death.

Every man is a comer until he reaches
ertain age—then a goer.

prophet who pays his bills prompt-
is not without honor even in his own
country.

The chap who gets a free ride in a
patrol wagon isn't carried away with
enthusiasm.

A man likes to repeat the smart things
is children say, because he imagines it
hereditary.

learns a lot about a man's
en he tries to explain

man gets
in to

men and that, after the ripples subsided, his share in public affairs would be forgotten.

"Well?" questioned Alf, who was busily at work filing the steel from the captive wrist.

"I find that I'm not expected home," Grant told him. "The fact is I'm supposed to be at the bottom of the sea."

"First class alibi," commented Alf.

"Anyway," Grant said, after a moment's reflection, "this makes it possible for me to live in the open. So, when you finish, we'll visit a restaurant and breakfast in comfort."

"I rise to the bait," agreed the youthful hobo.

"And Alf," further suggested his friend, "suppose we preface the meal by a bath and a change of clothes."

"Merry hades!" exclaimed the young man, as he eyed his assortment of rags. "If I took a bath my clothes wouldn't fit no more. As for a change, I'd have to [illegible]n 'em inside out to git variety."

[illegible] pay part of my indebtedness to you in a new outfit," urged the supposed embezzler.

Alf stiffened with disapproval and his blue eyes became stern.

"I'm not objecting to the price of a meal or so," he said quietly, "but I ain't aiming to rig myself out with your kind o' cash."

"Alf," Grant said, while his level, steady gaze emphasized his speech, "I may be, or have been, hounded by the law, but you can believe this: Every [illegible]ar I have with me is my own hard [illegible]rned cash. Nor do I owe any man a [illegible] The debit side of my account was [illegible]d before my escape."

[illegible] hard for Alf to swallow; but [illegible]ss, open glance and the ex[illegible]f the countenance that had [illegible]sked a mean thought won the [illegible]r. From that hour he trusted Gran[illegible]plicitly. As time passed his admiratio[illegible] for and faith in his Jonathan never wavered.

"A[illegible] right, Johnny B.," he decided, "I don't know why I believe you, but I do, and I'll accept the duds right joyfully."

A few minutes later the badge of crime was dropped from the end of a pier into the roil and mud of Lake Erie. From there the two entered the city and sought a clothing house. The slightly bald and somewhat eagle-beaked proprietor received an order that he considered a good omen for the day's business. Alf, despite his protracted sun baths, which had transformed his cuticle to Indian tint, became a decidedly fine appearing youth. A suit of dark brown with overcoat and accessories to correspond set at naught the adages that deny the power of clothing.

A few doors down the street they discovered a barber shop with bath attachment. Here the moral effect of absolute cleanliness was tested to the extreme of fresh underwear and new clothing finished off by a hair cut and shampoo.

"I cert feel less like a beast," Alf commented, as the two lingered over their restaurant breakfast.

"You appear less like a hobo," admitted his friend.

"What puzzles me is how I'm going to cash up for all this," Alf said with an appreciative glance at his image in an opposite mirror.

"By joining me in a trip across the Pacific," his friend invited, with an earnestness that left no doubt of his company being desired.

"I'd be right joyful to follow you to the end of the earth," declared Alf with eyes glistening. "You're the first white man I've encountered. As for lonesome, why, I've envied dogs."

"Then," said Grant, "it's a bargain."

An hour later the two stood on the deck of a big lake steamer headed westward. During the night they slipped by the sleeping city that held all the self-deported man loved on earth. His heart was lead, his eyes ached with unshed tears as he permitted himself to gaze on the pictured face of the girl he secretly worshiped. Then the steamer turned her prow up the river, crossed miles of fresh water and landed the travelers at the Straits, where they embarked on another line for Duluth and were fairly launched on their journey toward the setting sun.

CHAPTER VI.

After weary days' traveling by train on The Northern and rambling over magnificent mountain scenery on cross roads, the oddly assorted pair arrived in the city by the Golden Gate. Here Grant learned that a regiment was about to start for the Philippines. At the same time he was informed that a number of desertions had occurred. Youths enticed by the glamor of war suddenly flunked when confronted by the prospect of sickening nostalgia and possible bloodshed. These vacancies were suggestive.

"Suppose," he said, with eyes fixed [illegible]uestioningly on his companion's face, "suppose we enlist."

Alf tore his gaze from the wonders of [illegible]risco. He reflected.

"I'd like to win a crown o' glory, all [illegible]t," he decided; "but I ain't noways [illegible]us for the gore and grind. Besides, [illegible] they accept us?"

"[illegible]le Sam isn't overly exacting," [illegible] explained. "We can go to the [illegible]g officer, if you think best, and [illegible] we're eligible."

[illegible]ust then a group of soldiers in khaki swung by. The sight fired Alf with a burst of new-born patriotism.

"Say, what do you know about that!" he exclaimed. "Let's git our tickets to the show in the near immegiate."

"Take time to consider," advised the young lawyer.

"And miss the chance of m' life," cried Alf. Not much; come on."

The idea of enlistment appealed to Grant for several reasons. He liked the remoteness of the situation, the chance of saving his small capital and even adding to it, and he greatly desired fixed occupation until his mind recovered its usual poise.

The young men consequently inquired the right direction and in a few minutes found themselves at headquarters. They were received by a smooth shaven military personage, whose deep set gray eyes looked through them rather than at them.

After a brief interval of question and answer the officer turned to Grant.

"What do you know of this young man who calls himself Turner?" he asked.

"Nothing; we met on the train," Grant admitted. "But I have no doubt that he is what he claims—a ranchman's son. He was driven forth by a stepfather after his mother's death. There can be no objection to his enlisting."

"And now," rejoiced Alf, as they were shown to quarters in the tented city, "we're khaki Johnnies, both. Don't seem's if this was me. Seems like them interesting dreams a feller has at gitting up time."

"You may think it's a nightmare before we're mustered out," warned Grant.

Next day they found themselves atoms in the human cargo that boarded the huge transport. Twelve hundred enlisted men, officers with their wives, engineers, government employes and ship's crew made a floating city. The band blared forth, "When Johnny comes marching home again." Then silence ensued while a group of women on the pier sang. Across the widening water came softly the words of "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye." This incident wrung Grant's heart with untold agony.

"Because I choose to be 'my brother's keeper,'" he bitterly reflected, "I am banished into outer darkness; other men may woo the women they love, but I—the supposed murderer, the imagined suicide, the suspected coward—am an exile."

Alf found endless amusement, as the days passed, in watching the shifting panorama on shipboard. He speedily struck up a friendship with a seasick youth named Charlie Wilson. The two spent hours on deck watching the heaving waste of black water. Together they waited the advent of the company sergeant with food and laughed at the clamor from many throats.

"What you got there?" was the unfailing chorus.

"Slum," the sergeant informed them one noon after a spell of heavy weather.

"Tell 'em to send us punk and coffee," pleaded Wilson. "We can't put stew down in our holds; we're sick."

"You rookies take what you get," advised the officer. "Bread and coffee'll come when ordered by the powers; not before. If you don't like slum stay with your ma, for it's frequent."

"Stew's good. This ain't no picnic," remarked a lank Nebraskan named Ike Bradley. "I ain't got no kick coming 'bout the stew, but you tell the colonel er somebody that some galoot's robbed me."

This calm statement fell in the midst of the company like a bomb. Even Grant was disturbed, since the gaunt six-footer occupied a hammock above his own. He knew a general search would follow and the indignity was not desirable.

"How much?" demanded the officer.

"Fifty plunks, sir, by goll," stated Bradley.

"Where did you keep it?"

"Slept a-top of hit in my hammock, sir," he answered with evident truthfulness.

"Why didn't you report the loss before?"

"Didn't know but what it might turn up, so I waited."

The sergeant disappeared, but was almost instantly replaced by the captain.

"Let no one leave the cabin," he ordered, after questioning Bradley. "Come," he said to Grant and Alf. As these two were the nearest suspects to the larceny they were to be first searched in the process of restitution.

In the presence of Colonel Morley and his officers, Grant's pockets were reversed by his captain and the contents placed before the colonel and staff on a table.

In the fugitive lawyer's bill book were greenbacks in excess of Bradley's loss. His cherished photographs were likewise spread to the public gaze.

"Have you, on board, any witness who can prove that you brought this money with you?" questioned the commanding officer.

"Yes, sir," Grant readily answered, "the young recruit waiting outside is aware I had this sum even before we arrived in San Francisco."

At this Alf was summoned and, when questioned, gave a flattering account of his friend's generosity and full pocketbook. As the lauded benefactor listened he longed to punch the loquacious youth's yellow head. In his gratitude Alf told

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

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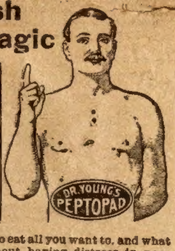

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FAMOUS GHOST STORIES

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH

By Erckmann-Chatrian

I.

Opposite the chapel of Saint Sebalt in Nuremberg, at the corner of Trabaus street, there stands a little tavern, tall and narrow, with a toothed gable and dusty windows, whose roof is surmounted by a plaster Virgin. It was there that I spent the unhappiest days of my life. I had gone to Nuremberg to study the old German masters; but in default of ready money I had to paint portraits—and such portraits! Fat old women with their cats on their laps, big-wigged aldermen, burgomasters in three-cornered hats—all horribly bright with ochre and vermilion. From portraits I descended to sketches, and from sketches to silhouttes.

Nothing is more annoying than to have your landlord come to you every day with pinched lips, shrill voice, and impudent manner to say: "Well, sir, how soon are you going to pay me? Do you know how much your bill is? No; that doesn't worry you! You eat, drink, and sleep calmly enough. God feeds the sparrows. Your bill now amounts to two hundred florins and ten kreutzers—it is not worth talking about."

Those who have not heard any one talk in this way can form no idea of it; love of art, imagination, and the sacred enthusiasm for the beautiful are blasted by the breath of such an attack. You become awkward and timid; all your energy evaporates, as well as your feeling of personal dignity, and you bow respectfully at a distance to the burgomaster Schneegans.

One night, not having a sou, as usual, and threatened with imprisonment by this worthy Mister Rap, I determined to make him a bankrupt by cutting my throat. Seated on my narrow bed, opposite the window, in this agreeable mood, I gave myself up to a thousand philosophical reflections, more or less comforting.

"What is man?" I asked myself. "An omnivorous animal; his jaws, provided with canines, incisors, and molars, prove it. The canines are made to tear meat; the incisors to bite fruits; and the molars to masticate, grind and triturate animal and vegetable substances that are pleasant to smell and to taste. But when he has nothing to masticate, this being is an absurdity in Nature, a superfluity, a fifth wheel to the coach."

Such were my reflections. I dared not open my razor for fear that the invincible force of my logic would inspire me with the courage to make an end of it [illegible] after having argued so finely. I blew out my candle, postponing the sequel till the morrow.

That abominable Rap had completely stupefied me. I could do nothing but silhouettes, and my sole desire was to have some money to rid myself of his odious presence. But on this night a singular change came over my mind. I awoke about one o'clock—I lit my lamp, and, enveloping myself in my gray gabardine, I drew upon the paper a rapid sketch after the Dutch school—something strange and bizarre, which had not the slightest resemblance to my ordinary conceptions.

Imagine a dreary courtyard enclosed by high dilapidated walls. These walls are furnished with hooks, seven or eight feet from the ground. You see, at a glance, that it is a butchery.

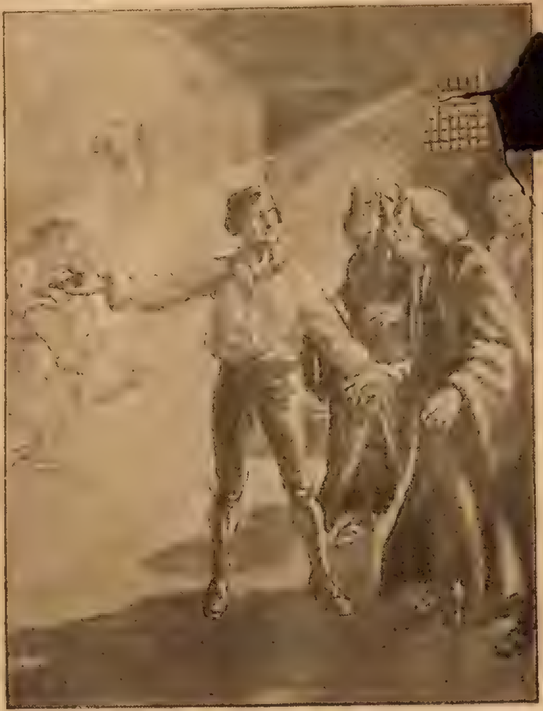
On the left, there extends a lattice structure; you perceive through it a quartered beef suspended from the roof by enormous pulleys. Great pools of blood run over the flagstones and unite in a ditch full of refuse.

The light falls from above, between the chimneys where the weathercocks stand out from a bit of the sky the size of your hand, and the roofs of the neighboring houses throw bold shadows from story to story.

At the back of this place is a shed, beneath the shed a pile of wood, and upon the pile of wood some ladders, a few bundles of straw, some coils of rope, a chicken-coop, and an old dilapidated rabbit-hutch

How did these heterogeneous details suggest themselves to my imagination? I don't know; I had no reminiscences, and yet every stroke of the pencil seemed the result of observation, and strange because it was all so true. Nothing was lacking

But on the right, one corner of the sketch remained a blank. I did not know what to put there. . . . Something suddenly seemed to writhe there to move! Then I saw a foot, the sole of a foot. Notwithstanding this improbable position, I followed my inspiration without reference to my own criticism. This stretched out with effort, there soon floated the skirt of a dress. In short, there appeared by degrees, an old woman, pale disheveled, and wasted, thrown foot was joined to a leg—over this leg, down at the side of a well, and struggling to free herself from a hand that clutched at her throat.



"There is the murderer!"

It was a murder scene that I was drawing. The pencil fell from my hand.

This woman, in the boldest attitude, with her thighs bent on the curb of the well, her face contracted by terror, and her two hands grasping the murderer's arm, frightened me. I could not look at her. But the man—he, the person to whom that arm belonged—I could not see him. It was impossible for me to finish the sketch

"I am tired," I said, my forehead dripping with perspiration; "there is only this figure to do; I will finish it tomorrow. It will be easy then."

And I went to bed again, thoroughly frightened by my vision.

The next morning, I got up very early. I was dressing in order to resume my interrupted work, when two little knocks were heard on my door.

"Come in!"

The door opened. An old man, tall, thin, and dressed in black, appeared on the threshold. This man's face, his eyes set close together and his large nose like the beak of an eagle, surmounted by a high bony forehead, had something severe about it. He bowed to me gravely.

"Mister Christian Venius, the painter?" said he.

"That is my name, sir."

He bowed again, adding:

"The Baron Frederick Van Spreckdal."

The appearance of the rich amateur, Van Spreckdal, judge of the Criminal Court, in my poor lodging, greatly disturbed me. I could not help throwing a stealthy glance at my old worm-eaten furniture, my damp hangings and my dusty floor. I felt humiliated by such dilapidation, but Van Spreckdal did not seem to take any account of these details; and sitting down at my little table:

"Mister Venius," he resumed, "I come —" But at this instance his glance fell upon the unfinished sketch—he did not finish his phrase.

I was sitting on the edge of my little bed; and the sudden attention that this personage bestowed upon one of my productions made my heart beat with an indefinable apprehension.

At the end of a minute, Van Spreckdal lifted his head:

"Are you the author of that sketch?" he asked me with an intent look.

"Yes sir"

"What is the price of it?"

"I never sell my sketches. It is the plan for a picture."

"Ah!" said he, picking up the paper with the tips of his long yellow fingers.

He took a lens from his waistcoat pocket and began to study the design in silence.

The sun was now shining obliquely into the garret. Van Spreckdal never said a word; the hook of his immense nose increased, his heavy eyebrows contracted, and his long pointed chin took a turn upward, making a thousand little wrinkles in his long, thin cheeks. The silence was so profound that I could distinctly hear the plaintive buzzing of a fly that had been caught in a spider's web

And the dimension of this picture, Mister Venius," he said without looking at me.

"Three feet by four."

"The price?"

"Fifty ducats."

Van Spreckdal laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a large purse of green silk shaped like a pear; he drew the rings of it——

"Fifty ducats," said he, "here they are."

I was simply dazzled

The Baron rose and bowed to me, and I heard his big ivory-headed cane resounding on each step until he reached the bottom of the stairs. Then, recovering from my stupor, I suddenly remembered that I had not thanked him, and I flew down the five flights like lightnin but when I reached the bottom, I look to the right and left; the streets w deserted.

"Well!" I said, "this is strange."

And I went upstairs again all out of breath.

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[illegible] wind on the stomach, sour
[illegible] tion, nausea, heavy
No more be-
the treacherous
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II.

The surprising way in which Van Spreckdal had appeared to me threw me into deep wonderment. "Yesterday," I said to myself, as I contemplated the pile of ducats glittering in the sun, "yesterday I formed the wicked intention of cutting my throat, all for the want of a few miserable florins, and now today Fortune has showered them from the clouds. Indeed it was fortunate that I did not open my razor; and if the same temptation ever comes to me again, I will take care to wait until the morrow."

After making these judicious reflections, I sat down to finish the sketch; four strokes of the pencil and it would be finished. But here an incomprehensible difficulty awaited me. It was impossible for me to make those four sweeps of the pencil; I had lost the thread of my inspiration, and the mysterious personage no longer stood out in my brain. I tried in vain to evoke him, to [illegible] him, and to recover him; he no longer accorded with the surroundings than with a figure by Raphael in a Teniers inn-kitchen. I broke out into a profuse perspiration.

At this moment, Rap opened the door without knocking, according to his praiseworthy custom. His eyes fell upon my pile of ducats and in a shrill voice he cried:

"Eh! eh! so I catch you. Will you [illegible] persist in telling me, Mr. Painter, [illegible] you have no money?"

[illegible] his hooked fingers advanced with [illegible] nervous trembling that the sight of [illegible] always produces in a miser.

[illegible] few seconds I was stupefied. [illegible] memory of all the indignities that [illegible] individual had inflicted upon me, his [illegible] look, and his impudent smile [illegible]ated me. With a single bound, I caught hold of him, and pushed him out of the room, slamming the door in his face.

This was done with the crack and rapidity of a spring snuff-box.

But from outside the old usurer screamed like an eagle:

"My money, you thief, my money!"

The lodgers came out of their rooms, asking:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

I opened the door suddenly and quickly gave Mister Rap a kick in the spine that sent him rolling down more than twenty steps.

"That's what's the matter!" I cried, quite beside myself. Then I shut the door and bolted it, while bursts of laughter from the neighbors greeted Mister Rap in the passage.

I was satisfied with myself; I rubbed my hands together. This adventure had put new life into me; I resumed my work, and was about to finish the sketch when I heard an unusual noise.

Butts of muskets were grounded on the pavement. I looked out of my window and saw three soldiers in full uniform with grounded arms in front of my door.

I said to myself in my terror: "Can it be that that scoundrel of a Rap has had any bones broken?"

And here is the strange peculiarity of the human mind: I, who the night before had wanted to cut my own throat, shook from head to foot, thinking that I might well be hanged if Rap were dead.

The stairway was filled with confused noises. It was an ascending flood of heavy footsteps, clanking arms, and short syllables.

Suddenly somebody tried to open my door. It was shut.

Then there was a general clamor.

"In the name of the law—open!"

I arose, trembling and weak in the knees.

"Open!" the same voice repeated.

I thought to escape over the roofs; but I had hardly put my head out of the little snuff-box window, when I drew back, seized with vertigo. I saw in a flash all the windows below with their shining panes, their flower-pots, their bird-cages, and their gratings. Lower, the balcony; still lower, the street lamp; still lower again, the sign of the "Red Cask" framed in iron work; and, finally, three glittering bayonets, only awaiting my fall to run me through the body from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head. On the roof of the opposite house a tortoise-shell cat was crouching behind a chimney, watching a band of sparrows fighting and scolding in the gutter.

One can not imagine to what clearness, intensity, and rapidity the human eye acquires when stimulated by fear.

At the third summons I heard:

"Open, or we shall force it!"

Seeing that flight was impossible, I staggered to the door and drew the bolt.

Two hands immediately fell upon my collar. A dumpy, little man, smelling of wine, said:

"I arrest you!"

He wore a bottle-green redingote, buttoned to the chin, and a stovepipe hat. He had large brown whiskers, rings on every finger, and was named Passauf.

He was the chief of police.

Five bulldogs with flat caps, noses like pistols, and lower jaws turning upward, observed me from the outside.

"What do you want?" I asked Passauf.

"Come downstairs," he cried roughly, as he gave a sign to one of his men to [illegible]

This man took hold of me, more dead than alive, while several other men turned my room upside down.

I went downstairs supported by the arms like a person in the last stages of consumption—with hair disheveled and stumbling at every step.

They thrust me into a cab between two strong fellows, who charitably let me see the ends of their clubs, held to their wrists by a leather string—and then the carriage started off.

I heard behind us the feet of all the urchins of the town.

"What have I done?" I asked one of my keepers.

He looked at the other with a strange smile and said:

"Hans—he asks what he has done!"

That smile froze my blood.

Soon a deep shadow enveloped the carriage; the horses' hoofs resounded under an archway. We were entering the Raspelhaus. Of this place one might say:

"Dans cet antre,
Je vois fort bien comme l'on entre,
Et ne vois point comme on en sort."

All is not rose-colored in this world; from the claws of Rap I fell into a dungeon, from which very few poor devils have a chance to escape.

Large dark courtyards and rows of windows like a hospital, and furnished with gratings; not a sprig of verdure, not a festoon of ivy, not even a weathercock in perspective—such was my new lodging. It was enough to make one tear his hair out by the roots.

The police officers, accompanied by the jailer, took me temporarily to a lock-up.

The jailer, if I remember rightly, was named Kasper Schlussel; with his gray, woolen cap, his pipe between his teeth, and his bunch of keys at his belt, he reminded me of the Owl-God of the Caribs. He had the same golden yellow eyes, that see in the dark, a nose like a comma, and a neck that was sunk between the shoulders.

Schlussel shut me up as calmly as one locks up his socks in a cupboard, while thinking of something else. As for me, I stood for more than ten minutes with my hands behind my back and my head bowed. At the end of that time I made the following reflection: 'When falling, Rap cried out, 'I am assassinated,' but he did not say by whom. I will say it was my neighbor, the old merchant with the spectacles; he will be hanged in my place."

This idea comforted my heart, and I drew a long breath. Then I looked about my prison. It seemed to have been newly whitewashed, and the walls were bare of design, except in one corner, where a gallows had been crudely sketched by my predecessor. The light was admitted through a bull's eye about nine or ten feet from the floor; the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a tub.

I sat down upon the straw with my hands around my knees in deep despondency. It was with great difficulty that I could think clearly; but suddenly imagining that Rap, before dying, had denounced me, my legs began to tingle, and I jumped up coughing, as if the hempen cord were already tightening around my neck.

At the same moment, I heard Schlussel walking down the corridor; he opened the lock-up, and told me to follow him. He was still accompanied by the two officers, so I fell into step resolutely.

We walked down long galleries, lighted at intervals by small windows from within. Behind a grating I saw the famous Jic-Jack, who was going to be executed on the morrow. He had on a straitjacket and sang out in a raucous voice:

"Je suis le roi de ces montagnes."

Seeing me, he called out:

"Eh! comrade! I'll keep a place for you at my right."

The two police officers and the Owl-God looked at each other and smiled while I felt the goose-flesh creep down the whole length of my back.

III.

Schlussel shoved me into a large and very dreary hall, with benches arranged in a semicircle. The appearance of this deserted hall, with its two high grated windows, and its Christ carved in old brown oak with His arms extended and His head sorrowfully inclined upon His shoulder, inspired me with I do not know what kind of religious fear that accorded with my actual situation.

All my ideas of false accusation disappeared, and my lips tremblingly murmured a prayer.

I had not prayed for a long time; but misfortune always brings us to thoughts of submission. Man is so little in himself!

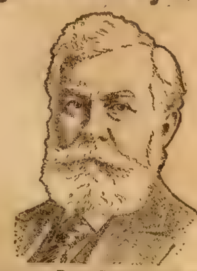
Opposite me, on an elevated seat two men were sitting with their backs to the light, and consequently their faces were in shadow. However, I recognized Van Spreckdal by his aquiline profile, illuminated by an oblique reflection from the window. The other person was fat, he had round, chubby cheeks and short hands, and he wore a robe, like Van Spreckdal.

Below was the clerk of the court, Conrad; he was writing at a low table and was tickling the tip of his ear with the feather-end of his pen. When I entered, he stopped to look at me curiously.

They made me sit down, and Van Spreckdal, raising his voice, said to me:

"Christian Venulus, where did you get this sketch?"

He showed me the nocturnal sketch which was then in his possession. It was



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handed to me. After having examined it, I replied:

"I am the author of it."

A long silence followed; the clerk of the court, Conrad, wrote down my reply, I heard his pen scratch over the paper, and I thought: "Why did they ask me that question? That has nothing to do with the kick I gave Rap in the back."

"You are the author of it?" asked Van Spreckdal. "What is the subject?"

"It is a subject of pure fancy."

"You have not copied the details from some spot?"

"No, sir; I imagined it all."

"Accused Christian," said the judge in a severe tone, "I ask you to reflect. Do not lie."

"I have spoken the truth."

"Write that down, clerk," said Van Spreckdal.

The pen scratched again.

"And this woman," continued the judge—"this woman who is being murdered at the side of the well—did you imagine her also?"

"Certainly."

"You have never seen her?"

"Never."

Van Spreckdal rose indignantly; then, sitting down again, he seemed to consult his companion in a low voice.

These two dark profiles silhouetted against the brightness of the window, and the three men standing behind me, the silence in the hall—everything made me shiver.

"What do you want with me? What have I done?" I murmured.

Suddenly Van Spreckdal said to my guardians:

"You can take the prisoner back to the carriage; we will go to Metzerstrasse."

Then, addressing me:

"Christian Venius," he cried, "you are in a deplorable situation. Collect your thoughts and remember that if the law of men is inflexible, there still remains for you the mercy of God. This you can merit by confessing your crime."

These words stunned me like a blow from a hammer. I fell back with extended arms, crying:

"Ah! what a terrible dream!"

And I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, the carriage was rolling slowly down the street; another one preceded us. The two officers were always with me. One of them on the way offered a pinch of snuff to his companion, mechanically I reached out my hand toward the snuff-box, but he withdrew it quickly.

My cheeks reddened with shame, and I turned away my head to conceal my emotion.

"If you look [illegible]," said the man with the snuff-box, "we shall be obliged to put handcuffs on you."

"May the devil strangle you, you infernal scoundrel!" I said to myself. And as the carriage now stopped, one of them got out, while the other held me by the collar, then, seeing that his comrade was ready to receive me, he pushed me rudely to him.

These infinite precautions to hold possession of my person boded no good; but I was far from predicting the seriousness of the accusation that hung over my head until an alarming circumstance opened my eyes and threw me into despair.

They pushed me along a low alley, the pavement of which was unequal and broken; along the wall there ran a yellowish ooze exhaling a fetid odor. I walked down this dark place with the two men behind me. A little further there appeared the chiaroscuro of an interior courtyard.

I grew more and more terror-stricken as I advanced. It was no natural feeling; it was a poignant anxiety, outside of nature—like the nightmare. I recoiled instinctively at each step.

"Go on!" cried one of the policemen, laying his hand on my shoulder, "go on!"

But what was my astonishment when, at the end of the passage, I saw the courtyard that I had drawn the night before, with its walls furnished with hooks, its rubbish-heap of old iron, its chicken-coops, and its rabbit-hutch. Not a dormer window, high or low, not a broken pane, not the slightest detail had been omitted.

I was thunderstruck by this strange revelation.

Near the well were the two judges, Van Spreckdal and [illegible]. At their feet lay the old woman extended on her back, her long, gray hair, her blue face, her eyes wide open, and her tongue between her teeth.

It was a horrible spectacle!

"Well," said Van Spreckdal, with solemn accents, "what have you to say?"

I did not reply.

"Do you remember having thrown this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well after having strangled her to rob her of her money?"

"No," I cried, "no! I do not know this woman; I never saw her before. May God help me!"

"That will do," he replied in a dry voice. And without saying another word he went out with his companion.

The officers now believed they had best put handcuffs on me. They took me back to the Raspelhaus in a state of profound stupidity. I did not know what to think; my [illegible] troubled me; I even asked myself if I really had murdered the old woman.

In the eyes of the officers I was condemned.

I will not tell you of my emotions that night in the Raspelhaus, when, seated on my straw bed with the window opposite me and the gallows in perspective, I heard the watchman cry in the silence of the night: "Sleep, people of Nuremberg; the Lord watches over you. One o'clock! Two o'clock! Three o'clock!"

Every one may form his own idea of such a night. There is a fine saying that it is better to be hanged innocent than guilty. For the soul, yes; but for the body, it makes no difference; on the contrary, it kicks, it curses its lot, it tries to escape, knowing well enough that its role ends with the rope. Add to this, that it repents not having sufficiently enjoyed life and at having listened to the soul when it preached abstinence.

"Ah! if I had only known!" it cried, "you would not have led me about by a string with your big words, your beautiful phrases, and your magnificent sentences! You would not have allured me with your fine promises. I should have had many happy moments that are now lost forever. Everything is over! You said to me: 'Control your passions.' Very well! I did control them. Here I am now! they are going to hang me, and you—later they will speak of you as a sublime soul, a stoical soul, a martyr to the errors of Justice. They will never think about me!"

Such were the sad reflections of my poor body.

Day broke; at first, dull and undecided, it threw an uncertain light on my bull's-eye window with its cross-bars; then it blazed against the wall at the back. Outside the street became lively. This was a market-day; it was Frid[illegible] heard the vegetable wagons [illegible] also the country people [illegible] baskets. Some chickens ca[illegible] in their coops in passing and some butter sellers chattered together. The market opposite opened, and they began to arrange the stalls.

Finally, it was broad daylight and the vast murmur of the increasing crowd, housekeepers who assembled with baskets on their arms, coming and going, discussing and marketing, told me that it was eight o'clock.

With the light, my heart ga[illegible] tle courage. Some of my bl[illegible] disappeared. I desired t[illegible] going on outside.

Other prisoners before [illegible] aged to climb up to the b[illegible] had dug some holes in the [illegible] more easily. I climbed in[illegible] when seated in the oval edg[illegible] dow, with my legs bent and my he[illegible] bowed, I could see the crowd and all the life and movement. Tears ran freely down my cheeks. I thought no longer of suicide—I experienced a need to live and breathe which was really extraordinary.

"Ah!" I said, "to live what happiness! Let them harness me to a wheelbarrow—let them put a ball and chain around my leg—nothing matters if I may only live!"

The old market, with its roof shaped like an extinguisher, supported on heavy pillars, made a superb picture; old women seated before their panniers of vegetables, their cages of poultry and their baskets of eggs; behind them the Jews, dealers in old clothes, their faces the color of old boxwood; butchers with bare arms, cutting up meat on their stalls; countrymen with large hats on the backs of their heads, calm and grave with their hands behind their backs and resting on their sticks of hollywood, and tranquilly smoking their pipes. Then the tumult and noise of the crowd—those screaming, shrill, grave, high, and short words—those expressive gestures—those sudden attitudes that show from a distance the progress of a discussion and depict so well the character of the individual—in short, all this captivated my mind, and notwithstanding my sad condition, I felt happy to be still of the world.

Now, while I looked about in this manner, a man—a butcher—passed, inclining forward and carrying an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders; his arms were bare, his elbows were raised upward and his head was bent under them. His long hair, like that of Salvator's Sicambrian, hid his face from me, and yet, at the first glance, I trembled.

"It is he!" I said.

All the blood in my body rushed to my heart. I got down from the window trembling to the ends of my fingers, feeling my cheeks quiver, and the pallor spread over my face, stammering in a choked voice:

"It is he! he is there—there—and I, I have to die to expiate his [illegible] God! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration from heaven, flashed across my mind. I put my hand in the pocket of my coat—my box of crayons was there!

Then rushing to the wall, I began to trace the scene of the murder with superhuman energy. No uncertainty, no hesitation! I knew the man! I had seen him! He was there before me!

At ten o'clock the jailer came to my cell. His owl-like impassibility gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible?" he cried, standing at the threshold.

"Go, bring me my judges," I said to him, pursuing my work with an increasing exaltation.

[illegible] answered:

"They are waiting for you in the trial-room."

"I wish to make a revelation," I cried, as I put the finishing touches to the mysterious personage.

He lived; he was frightful to see... His full-faced figure, foreshortened upon the wall, stood out from the white background with an astonishing vitality.

The jailer went away.

A few minutes afterward the two judges appeared. They were stupefi[illegible] I, trembling, with extended hand, said to them:

"There is the murderer!"

After a few moments of silence, V[illegible] Spreckdal asked me:

"What is his name?"

"I don't know; but he is at [illegible] -ment in the market; he is cutting [illegible]

(Continued on page twenty.)

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in 48 Hours. Pain Stops Instantly

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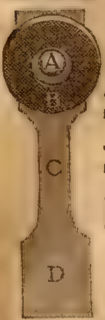
The pain stops instantly, and the snug-fitting plaster lets you forget the corn.

In two days the corn comes out without soreness or pain or harm. It is so simple, so sure, so effective that everybody who knows Blue-jay uses nothing else.



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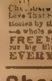

SONGS Silver Bell—new [illegible] all wild over it; My [illegible] to the Country; Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet, [illegible] of the Silvery Moon; I Wonder Who's Kiss[illegible] Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love; Longe[illegible] is Sweetest Way Home; I Love My [illegible] Wish I Had a Girl; When [illegible] Doll; Rainbow; Red Wing; Dr[illegible] latest song hits, 10 pieces mus[illegible] of best stage money—the whole lot for only [illegible] CENTRAL TRADING CO., McKinley Park, Dep[illegible]

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Send 10c today for postage [illegible] entine & Easter. IDEAL PO[illegible]

PI[illegible]

5[illegible]

He Also Has a Laundry.

the man of all work in an uptown
, was shuffling through the office
ay when the manager, wondering
b managed to live on $3 a week,

, what do you do on the outside to
living."
de mana a laundry, sah, an
rig of'r'tble livin', sah."
ked surprised. "What's
r laundry, Bob?" he

nson, sah."

ising Does.

writeup we gave you,

but one part of it."
as that?"
hed a green old age,
's been three m

Mr.
your

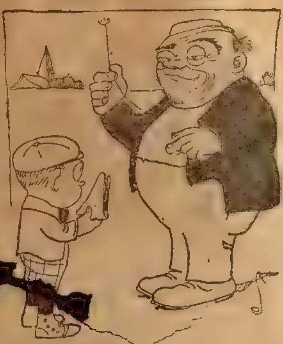
home
ing to
have a

—I didn't accept him the first time
roposed.
ella—How did you lose your voice?

His Impression of It.

stomer—I wish you'd quit dunning
or that suit of clothes. Do you ob-
to giving me time?
ilor—Oh, no; but it looks as if you
cted me to give you the suit.

Cruel Con Game.



H ngry Hank—Let's take yer pie, sonn, en' I'll show you how I kin balance straw en' eat pie at de same time.

Entitled to Them.

After the new arrival had registered
tel clerk looked down the page and
"Jeremiah Great Chap, XXXX,
lle."
all the X's mean after your
ed the officer.
ans a lot," explained the new
'I'm ex-school director, ex-
rustee, ex-county commission-
ayor, see?"

One of Them.

O Cornishman visited London and was gazing into a shop window and obstructing the footpath. A cockney stumbled against him and, seeing that he was from the country, said to him: "My man, have you seen a wagon load of monkeys pass down the street?"

"No-o," Cousin Jack replied. "Faaled out of the wagon, ded ye?"

Satisfactory Explanation.

"If you are looking for bargains," said the broker, "I can suit you. I can offer you some stocks at 10 cents a share."

"But why are they so cheap?" demanded the lady shopper.

"You see they have been slightly damaged by wat

The Woman's Way.

"Many a married man who might make a fortune is handicapped because his wife demands too much of his attention."

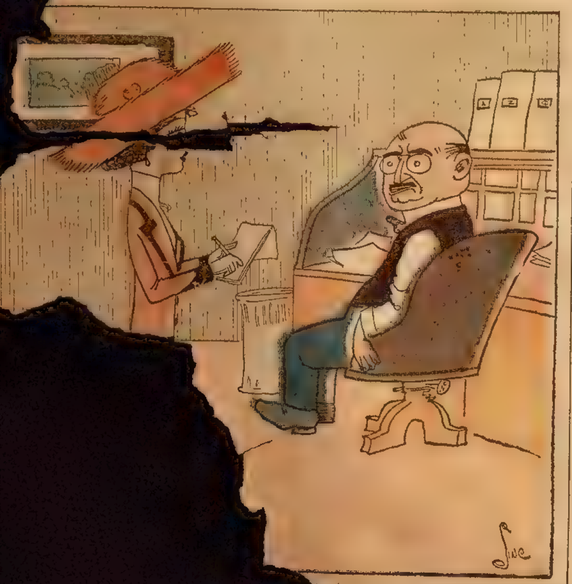
"That's right. Just as soon as fortune begins to flirt with him his wife gets jealous."

Where Votes Are Bartered.

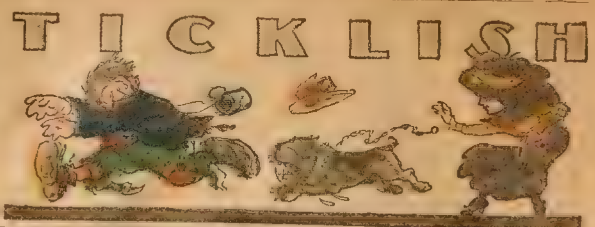
"Do you have oratory in your campaigns?"

"Some," replied the political boss, "Just enough to enable the people who vote our way to give some sort of an excuse for it."

CHARITY.



r stray dogs where they can be
t you subscribe?
ll my money in a fur rug asylum for
our dogs.



Waiting.

"Well, Sambo, how did you vote today?"

"I ain't voted yit, boss," said Sambo.

"Why is that?"

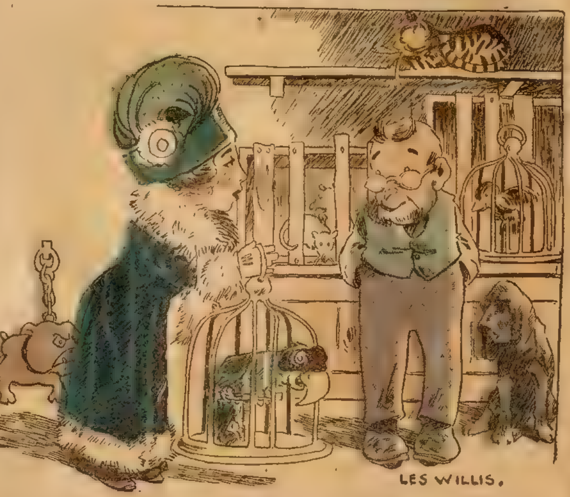
"Well boss, it's dis a-way. De Prohibitionists dey give me $10 to vote their ticket and the Republicans dey give me $5 to vote their ticket. Ah's goin' to wait to see how corrupt all the parties is 'fore I vote, 'en then Ah's going to vote for the leastest."

Placing the Blame.

A story is told of a well-known Sheffield tenor, who, when asked to sing at a dinner, although he had no music with him, went on to the platform to try. He did his best, but he broke down in the middle and retired. He was cheered up by an elderly man, who tapped him on tu shoulder and said:

"Never mind, lad, tha's done thy best; but t' feller as asked thee tosing owt to be shot!"

IN ANOTHER CLASS.



Mrs. Hitone—You said this parrot had the gift of speech, but he does nothing but holler and screech and never says a thing.

Dealer—I meant de gift o' political speech, lady.

Considering the Price of Hats.

The Parson—And you say your wife was thinking of the women's hats all the time she was in church.

The Deacon—I'm afraid she was, parson.

"I'm sorry. Her mind should be on higher things."

"Great guns, parson! Are there any higher things than women's hats?"

Hard-Hearted Judge.

The Sympathetic Pal—Wotcher, Bill! You looks bad; been laid up?

Bill—Yus, sort of. 'Aven't been outer doors fer free munfs.

The Smypathetic Pal—Wot was the matter wiv yer?

Bill—Nuffin'; only the judge wouldn't believe it.

In Proportion.

Wifie—I want a cap, please for my husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wifie—Well, I really forget. His collars are size sixteen; though I expect he'd want about size eighteen or twenty of a cap wouldn't he?

The Reason.

"Well, the neighbors' chickens won't dig up any more of our garden seed."

"John! Don't tell me that you have gone and killed the neighbor's chickens!"

"Nope, I merely mean that they have got it all dug up."

Enough Luggage Already.

Mistress (engaging new servant)—And why did you leave your last mistress?

New Maid—Goodness, did you expect me to bring her along with me?

Another Kind.

"I wish, brother, you would go around to the druggist's and ask for sal volatile."

"Excuse me, sis. I'm going around to her dad's and ask for Sal Smith."

"Something Just as Good."

Village Druggist—Lucas, how do we stand in pills?

Assistant—We hain't got none for spring epizootic.

Village Druggist—Take some o' them white ones an' dye 'em green.—Judge.

A Scare for the Wolf.

"Do you think I could keep the wolf from the door by my singing?" asked the musical young man.

"You could," replied Miss Cayenne, "if the wolf had any sort of an ear for music."

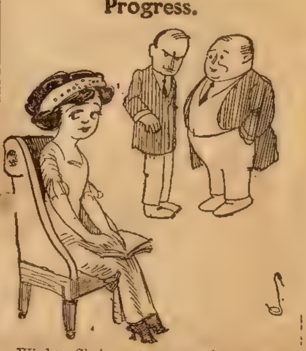
In Line.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, er—that—is—she told me to come to you—she says you—

Pater—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles?

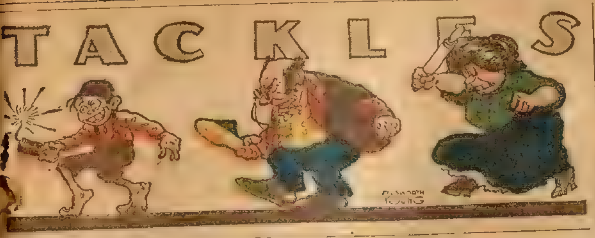
Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss—

Progress.



Winks—She's not as pensive as she was before you married her.

Blinks—No; she's expensive now.



Efficacy of a System.

"Does your wife ever make a fuss because you smoke up the curtains?"

"No. I have a system which prevents anything of that kind."

"A system, eh? What is it?"

"I smoke such good cigars that the curtains we have are necessarily too cheap to cause my wife to worry about them."

What He Added.

"Why the limp?"

"Asked Papa Plunks for his daughter. Wrote out the request in my best style and handed it to him."

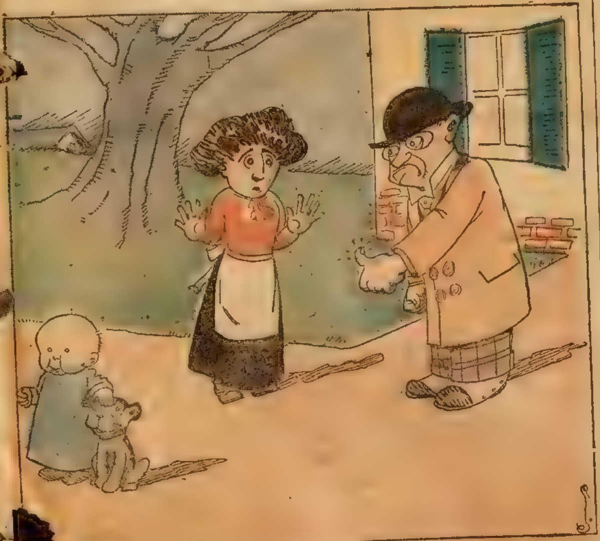
"Well?"

"He read it over."

"And then?"

"And then he handed it back with a foot note."

MAYBE IT'S WILLIE.



Gentle Housewife—Oh, my dear sir, I can't believe that poor little Fidopet bit you on the heel.

Exasperated Paserby—Then, lady, it must have been your little Willie; they were the only two on the walk.

Taking His Measure.

"What do you think of that man who said New York is the most impolite city on earth?"

"He merely gives himself away," replied the rich man. "When a man says he can't find any politeness in New York it shows that he has neither wealth nor political pull."

Helping Bear the Burden.

"A woman ought to be the happiest person alive!" growled Dobson.

"Why?" queried Mrs. Dobson.

"Because she doesn't have to shave every day or two," he snapped.

"But she has to live with those who do," sighed Mrs. Dobson.

Real Friendship.

The Bruised—You shouldn't have knocked me down the way you did. Why, I thought you were a good friend, Bill!

Bill—Well, if I hadn't been a good friend I'd a killed you.

Suffering of the Poor.

Seeing a tramp hurrying away from a large house a fellow professional asked him what luck he had met with. "It ain't wort' askin' there," was the reply. "I just 'ad a peep through the winder. It's a poverty-stricken 'ouse, hate. There was aschully two ladies playin' on one pianer!"

Extravagance.

Two oysters were in a big pot full of milk, getting ready for stew. Said one oyster to the other:

"Where are we?"

"At a church supper," was the reply.

Whereupon the little oyster said:

"What on earth do they want of both of us?"

Told of Two Cities.

Two of those cranks who do that sort of thing were debating the relative merits of St. Louis and Kansas City.

"At any rate, we don't have to call this a city," said the St. Louis man.

"Nor do we have to call our town a saint," the other retorted.

Explained.

Teacher (to new scholar)—How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?

Little Lad (after a moment's thought)—Well, you see, it's this way. She married again and I didn't.

Happy Family.

Mrs. Scrappington—A clergyman receives $5 or $10 for marrying a couple and by and by a lawyer is paid a hundred dollars for getting a divorce for them—"

Mr. Scrappington—Well, it's worth that much more, ain't it?—Puck.

Well Connected.

Mrs. Pifflegilder boasts that she is connected with some of the best families in the city.

"Ah! She has a telephone?"

No, Indeed.

Miss Vallmore—I was told to take lemon juice for my singing.

Mr. Sourly—Haven't you got will power enough to stop singing without the aid of lemon juice?

Needed It.

"Um—er—I have just married, sir, and I thought I would ask you if you could
not see your way clear to granting
an increase of salary?"

"But, you know, it is said that
can live as cheaply as one."

"I know, but she has a father a
mother and two brothers and a dog."

Homely Illustration.

"Sometimes a virtue can be exagge
ated until it becomes a vice," said th
earnest adviser.

"I see exactly what you're comin' at," replied Tarantula Tim. "Whereas four aces is a blessin' an' greatly to be admired, five of 'em kin create untold dissension."

Professional Foresight.

"That fellow has a fearful nerve," said the dealer in firearms.

"Who is he?"

"An alienist. He says he will give me a commission on his business if I will hand his card to every wild eyed person who comes in and buys a revolver."

Baggage Smashers Beware!

Bacon—Thoracograph is the name that has been given a machine which has been invented to draw diagrams of a person's chest movements.

Egbert—Well, if it will draw diagrams of the movements a fellow's trunk goes through in transit it will be kept busy.

Is Poverty a Crime?

"You refuse me because I am a poor artist; but I assure you that poverty is not a crime."

"It amounts to the same thing, for it is pretty sure to sentence the woman to hard labor."—Judge.

Surprise.

"Aren't you surprised at Lord Luvus for contracting such enormous debts?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I'm not surprised at him; only at his creditors."

Hard Position to Fill.

Employment Agent—Why d
a place in which you have
many years?

Domestic—Well, you see, th
died last month

"The house is lonely now, I s

"'Tain't that; but now the m
dead, the master blames every
me."

A Nefarious Plo

Sam—Ef yo's gwine te
date, colonel, I kin put y
queer goin's on ob de folk
you.

The Colonel—Indeed?

Sam—Yes, sah; dey
reg'lar 'spiracy to st
stuffin' de ballot

Dec. 15.—"Docto

Jan. 15.—
that robber s
ten visits?"

Not Ju

Pupil—Teac
afternoon? M

Teacher—W
re I w

Customer—I would like to buy some peek-a-boo airs?

Floorwalker—Forward, show the lady some of the perforated music rolls.

A Dubious Saying.

He—They say that the face is an index of the mind.

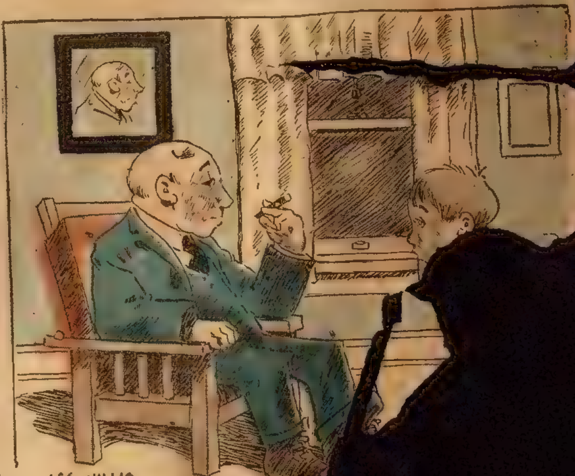
She—I don't know. It doesn't follow
because a woman's face is made up t
her mind is.

Just Like a Woman.

"What is your wife angry about?"

"She asked me how I liked her new
and I told her."

WELL EARNED.



Father—Johnnie, I think it would be
rather than ask me for them.

Johnnie—You wouldn't say that if yo
a penny out of you!

KEROSENE
gine FREE!
g "DETROIT" Kerosene shipped on 15 days' trial, prove kerosene safest, most powerful [illegible], pay lowest [illegible] on reliable farm [illegible], pay nothing.
ing Up!
[illegible] ners are [illegible] nch gasoline [illegible] d's supply [illegible] Gasoline [illegible] than coal [illegible] Two [illegible] k of
"DETROIT"
only engine [illegible] endless [illegible] cohol, [illegible] rine, [illegible] ted on skids. All sizes, [illegible] ete engine tested just [illegible] pumps, saws, threshes, [illegible] hells corn, runs home [illegible] pped), $29.50 up. Don't buy an engine [illegible] saving, power-saving [illegible] costs only postal to find [illegible] to write, we will allow [illegible] urtory price. Write [illegible] Ave., Detroit, Mich.

[illegible], strong [illegible] lor. Suit [illegible] Trousers, Leg[illegible] t. Coat has brass [illegible], trousers are full length, [illegible] ggings lace up, hat has wide stitched brim. We give Boys' Scout Suit complete for selling 24 pieces of our goods at 10c each. Write for goods. WE SEND THEM PREPAID. When sold return $2.40 and we send this full Scout Suit.
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[illegible] ble for lovers and for keeping recipes, ad[illegible] secret memorandum or other information private. No stranger can read your postals if the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or [illegible] Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the [illegible], with full instructions. Address [illegible] UBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

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[illegible] TEEL BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

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Ventriloquists Double Throat [illegible] Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse, whine like a puppy, sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. [illegible] DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. [illegible] FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

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[illegible] order business at your own home; male or female [illegible] canvassing. Mail the ten catalogues and make from $1 to $20. One young married couple made over $100 in two months; you can do the same. We furnish everything. Outfit, ten catalogues, full particulars, etc., for 10 cents in stamps to pay postage, etc. Address [illegible] e YBRAD CO., 410 Cortlandt Building, New York City

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[illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

A Detective's Ruse.

(Continued from Page Three.)

this man was a gentleman, a gallant, honorable man—but now she remembered: Robert Hays was the name of a man who was reported to be a desperate character. Sallie had never met Robert Hays, the desperado, who, according to rumor, was to be found most of the time in the vicinity of Lost Cove. Lost Cove lay down the valley less than half a mile from the spot where Sallie and her brave rescuer stood. Surely she had met this man somewhere, but she could not remember that she had ever met Robert Hays, the desperado. Could this man, with his gentle and refined manners, be the notorious desperado of Lost Cove?

Sallie knew that a suave exterior often serves as a mask for the most subtle villainy; but she believed that she could detect the difference between the superficial and the real: surely a baleful look must accompany the suavity of the villain. And one thing was certain: if Robert Hays was a bad man his frank face belied it.

Large drops of rain splashed around Sallie and her rescuer. A vivid flash of lightning was followed by a heavy crash of thunder. A sheet of rain moved toward them with a roar like the beat of the feet of many galloping horses. There was a second blinding flash of lightning, a terrific crash, and a giant oak which stood perhaps a quarter of a mile away on the slope of a hill was torn and splintered fearfully. As the crash of the thunderbolt died away and the heavy thunder rolled and reverberated over the hills and far away to the eastward, Sallie involuntarily shuddered.

"Come," said Robert Hays, "we must get out of the rain if possible; the shower will not last very long."

The young man took up a long rain coat which evidently he had thrown upon the ground before rushing to Sallie's rescue, and with the most [illegible], dignified, and respectful manner in the world placed it around Miss Morgan so that she was quite well protected from the rain.

Sallie would have uttered a protest, but his masterly kindness and [illegible] manner prevented it.

"Come," he said, "there is a shelving rock near by which will give us protection from the storm."

As he led the way to the shelter indicated, the rain broke over them in great waves carried by dashes of the wind. The bushes and even the giant trees on the hillsides were bowed in the strength of the storm. The lightning blazed; the thunder crashed again and again.

By the time the place of refuge was reached, the rain was falling almost in torrents. The rain soaked Robert Hays, who was unprotected, but his fair companion was dry thanks to his kindness.

"I was selfish to allow you to get drenched while I [illegible] the benefit of your coat," she said.

"Don't mind me, Miss Morgan," was the reply. "I don't mind the rain."

The shelving rock caused quite a [illegible].

The shower did not last long. The clouds rolled away and in a short time a patch of blue sky appeared [illegible]. The rain no longer had [illegible] of the elms and sycamores [illegible] showed here and there [illegible] and patches of [illegible] background of [illegible] of other species [illegible] spread its bright colors over Lost Cove.

Since Sallie's horse had run away, that young lady was obliged to walk home. Robert Hays offered to escort her home and she did not object. She wondered if any of the men who lived in the neighborhood of her home with whom she was intimately acquainted would have shown her this much consideration in the midst of similar circumstances.

When they were nearing Sallie's home they met her father who, alarmed by the arrival at home of her riderless horse, had started to look for his daughter and learn what had happened to her.

After introducing himself to the Rev. Allen Morgan, Robert Hays told of the accident which had occurred. The young man again received the warm thanks of the fair maiden for saving her life. The father was also very thankful. Leaving the grateful father and daughter, the young man was soon walking briskly in the direction of Lost Cove.

Lost Cove was located in the [illegible] which sloped down to Bad Creek on the southeast. All around the Cove [illegible] a heavily wooded tract which was uninhabited save by foxes, catamounts, reptiles, and by Wash Smith's gang. No doubt Wash Smith's gang was the most harmful element among the living things which inhabited the Cove; for members of the band combined the slyness of the fox, the wildness of the lynx, and the venom of the serpent.

Perhaps nobody knew just why Lost Cove was so named. It may have been because it was the scene of so much wickedness and crime and was considered, therefore, as being lost to good influences.

Wash Smith's gang, a band of half a dozen lawless characters, had defied the officers of the law and laughed at them for years. Although several attempts had been made to capture the outlaws, they continued to follow their work of counterfeiting and moonshining.

It was believed by many of the inhabitants of the valley of Bad Creek that more than one officer had been killed in the Cove. Certain it was that more than one officer had been driven out of Lost Cove by the outlaws. Others had given the neighborhood of the Cove only a very [illegible] and [illegible] search after which they had made [illegible] to seek a more congenial [illegible].

Nobody seemed to know much about Wash Smith, the leader of the [illegible]. In fact, little was generally known about the gang.

One officer, however, had not lost his life in the Cove, nor had he been driven out by the outlaws. This was Isaac Howard, briefly referred to as a detective in a preceding chapter. Howard was an inhabitant of the neighborhood in which Lost Cove was located. He had made many trips to the Cove, but he had failed to accomplish anything along the line of breaking up the lawless practices of Smith's gang. Still it was conceded by everybody that Howard was the [illegible] who did not fear [illegible] the Cove.

Isaac Howard was about [illegible] years of age. He was considered a very [illegible] by his neighbors. He was not bad looking and most of the mothers of the neighborhood who had marriageable daughters would have considered him a very desirable match. But the only [illegible] for whom the man had [illegible] a [illegible] admiration was Sallie [illegible] captivating beauty [illegible] repulsed his advances [illegible] him as an accepted suitor.

Howard owned a good farm which he did not manage well, and he did not [illegible] any business regularly enough to [illegible] more than a small income; still he seemed to have plenty of money and he spent it freely.

Robert Hays had made his appearance in the neighborhood of Lost Cove about two months before the time when he saved Sallie Morgan from a horrible death. Within a month after his first appearance in the vicinity, the gossips were talking of his utter recklessness and he soon came to be considered the most reckless character for miles around.

"That Hays feller is not afeard of a circus saw," Dick Boggs was wont to declare, "an' I wouldn't be either if I could [illegible] a gun the way he can. I [illegible] he can put a shot [illegible] a dozen times at [illegible] yards [illegible]."

"[illegible] in with Wash Smith's gang," Collis Howard always set forth when Hays was mentioned [illegible] presence. "I wouldn't be surprised if he turns out to be Wash Smith himself [illegible]. Hays a regular devil of a feller, you can [illegible]."

The views of Dick Boggs and Collis Howard in regard to [illegible] Robert Hays voiced in a greater or less degree the sentiments of almost everybody in the region round about Lost Cove.

Hays was seen often in the immediate neighborhood of the Cove and he was [illegible] with members of Smith's gang. [illegible] seemed to court notoriety and [illegible] becoming [illegible]. Since [illegible] in the neighborhood [illegible] of the other outlaws had been relegated to the background of public notice. The handsome young desperado had eclipsed them almost completely.

Isaac Howard openly announced that he meant to capture the outlaws of Lost Cove, especially the man who in a short time had become known as "the desperado of Lost Cove." Hays stated openly that he did not intend to be arrested.

CHAPTER IV.

Whether or not Isaac Howard succeeded in capturing Robert Hays or any of the other alleged desperate characters who frequented Lost Cove remains to be seen, but the heart of the notorious [illegible] was captured by charming Sallie M[illegible]. After the first meeting between the desperado and the young lady, they were frequently together. Sallie not only treated the young man with politeness but with kindness. He rode with her occasionally and even ventured to call on her at the home of her father.

Sallie's hand had been sought by almost all the marriageable [illegible] in the vicinity where her home was [illegible], or at least admiration for her had been shown by the young men, notably Isaac Howard, but not one of [illegible] admirers could boast of winning her affections. Howard had pressed his suit ardently of late, but although Sallie had invariably shown him the respect and kindness due a gentleman from a lady, as has been stated previously, she did not encourage his suit. Still her seeming indifference might be due to maidenly reserve. So, although he was not at all sure about the matter, Howard had strong hopes of winning her for his wife.

As time went by Sallie grew very fond of the companionship of Robert Hays. It soon dawned upon her [illegible] that she loved the man, but she guarded her secret very closely, and no one guessed that the blind god of love had signaled out the fair, pure-hearted maiden and the handsome young desperado for victims of his fatal darts.

However, Sallie's father [illegible] the possibility of [illegible]. One day he asked her to take a walk in the orchard with him. She readily complied.

"Sallie," said the father, "I want to talk with you for a few moments. You have always been a kind and obedient daughter, and I hope you will not take any offense at what I am going to say to you.

"I want to warn you against Robert Hays. I don't know what your thoughts in regard to the young man are, but I want to warn you against receiving his attentions.

"It is talked through the neighborhood that you see him often, and it is even hinted that the man is in love with you. You surely do not encourage his attentions even for pastime. Do you not know that the man is an outlaw?"

"Robert Hays saved my life at the risk of his own," was the gentle but firm reply, "and I cannot do otherwise than be kind to him. And, no matter what is said against him, he is a gentleman."

"My daughter, you must not allow your gratitude to lead you to believe that the man is anything which common sense will teach you that he is not. For my part, I do not judge him, but he has the reputation of being a desperado. He is even suspected of being the chief factor in the recent activity of the gang at Lost Cove."

"I do not believe that he is connected with Smith's gang in any way," Sallie argued.

"Some people believe that Hays and Wash Smith are one and the same. I saw Hays with some bogus money in his possession, and several good men have told me that he has been drunk more than once lately."

"I do not believe that he drinks at all."

"Whether any of the reports are true or not, he is not worthy of your friendship even, while he has such a bad reputation."

"I don't believe there is a bit of truth in the talk about Robert Hays."

"Where there is so much smoke there is apt to be some fire—I warn you not to enter into any flirtation with this wild fellow. Isaac Howard——"

"Father, please do not speak to me in glowing terms about Isaac Howard [illegible] you have just called Robert Hays a wild fellow. [illegible] Howard [illegible]. I had as soon [illegible] a [illegible] as to believe that [illegible] is not as much a gentleman as any man [illegible] ever lived."

"Sallie, the time may come when [illegible] for a young man who [illegible] is under a cloud will hurt the reputation of a young lady, and a good name is to be [illegible]."

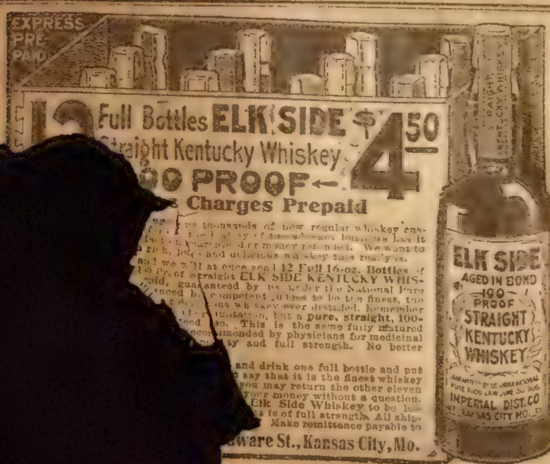
"[illegible] can [illegible] say that Robert [illegible] full [illegible] the [illegible] and I shall trust [illegible] friend."

"I repeat, Sallie, that you may some day wish that you had taken my advice."

Thus the interview closed. The father was puzzled and uneasy; the daughter was more ready than before to admit that she loved Robert Hays. She would not admit that the man was not an honest and upright man. Still there was room for some doubt and she was troubled.

That very evening, Sallie took a book and walked slowly to a rustic seat which was in the shade of a great sycamore that stood a short distance from her father's house. The tree stood near the lane which ran to the public road. Near the roots of the tree the crystal waters of a cold spring bubbled forth. The air was sweet with the scent of flowers. Bees hummed industriously and butterflies flitted gayly here and there. Birds sang merrily in the branches of the great sycamore. It was an ideal June day.

Sallie's book was clasped idly in her hands. She paid scarcely any attention



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to the things around her. Her bright blue eyes were lifted listlessly to the bright sky where a small yellow cloud floated over the summit of a green-clad hill in the direction of Lost Cove. She sat quite motionless, thinking earnestly and long. Outwardly she was as calm as the summer scene around her; within a struggle was going on, a contest between love on one side and doubt, fear, and filial obedience on the other. Many perplexing questions entered the maiden's mind. Could there be any truth in the reports that Robert Hays was a desperado? If not then why did so many people believe the man to be a desperado? Was the man's gentlemanly manner and fine appearance merely a mask which was worn to deceive her? Did she really love the man?

These and other questions flitted through her mind in rapid succession. She made scarcely any attempt to answer them.

While she was thus troubled by conflicting emotions, a man walked quietly up the lane. He was tall and handsome and neatly dressed and he moved with an air of good breeding which surely could not be mistaken

Sallie knew at a glance
was.

Why should such a des
acter as rumor had painted
to be seem the personification
refinement, and nobility? But
spend so much time around Lo

The maiden was gladdened a
of her love and love seemed t

(Continued on pa

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I have given away over $500,000 (half a million dollars) in prizes during the last few years. I have given 209,454 different women dinner sets and other premiums. This magnificent old rose and gold dinner set, lace curtains, glass set, lamp and rug are now *all* offered free as *one* premium to the readers of this paper.

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Ripley, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1910.

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Good wishes for you and your good Company.

MRS. L. VERN WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Williams is the wife of the Hon. L. Vern Williams, present Mayor of Ripley, Ohio. Cultured and refined people everywhere appreciate our beautiful premiums and our offer. We have hundreds of similar letters from the wives of judges, chiefs of police, aldermen and other prominent people.

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For I am interested in a special introductory offer which I want you to explain to your neighbors. No ordinary picture to distribute—no—but I have a special introductory offer and in connection with SOMETHING ELSE I allow you to GIVE to those you see a *new style*, beautiful *gold embossed* picture free. Remember: These pictures are new—different from pictures you have seen, richer and more elegant in every way. They are *gold embossed*. Now you know what gold embossed postal cards are; then imagine a picture 16x20 gold embossed and also in ten other colors. Those are the pictures I want you to *give away* IN CONNECTION with another offer which everyone will be only too glad to get when you tell them about it. It's this SOMETHING ELSE that will make it so *very, very* easy to interest everybody to whom you will say a word. It will be a very, very simple matter for you to give away twenty-four of these *gold embossed* pictures on a special 25 cent offer. I will send you twenty-four of these gold embossed pictures on trust, prepaid, without one cent of money. Then, you distribute 24 pictures on my special easy plan. Then *all* the prizes are yours *free*. But if for any reason you fail to distribute all 24 pictures, I'll see you get at least **one or two or three beautiful prizes anyway.**

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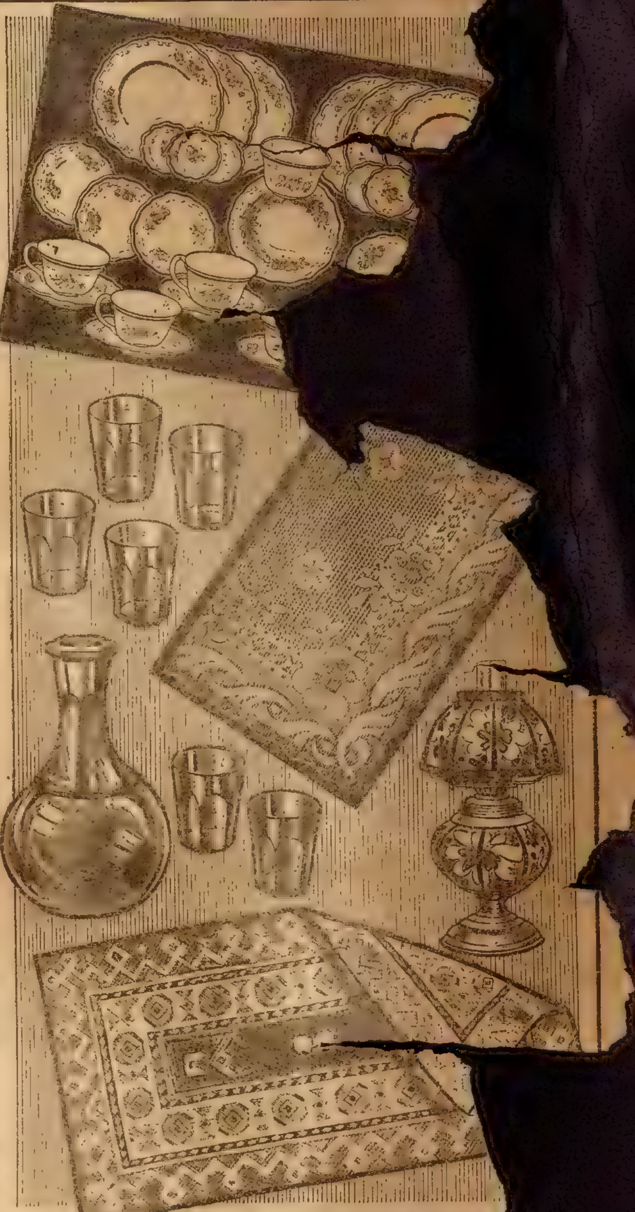
Supt. Dept. 825, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago



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Night Lamp and Rug, all free. I c
at your expense if I do not care to di
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rant's Sacrifice

tinued from page ten.)

vable tale. His colonel lis-
hat seemed a blundering fab-

stranger's motive in
aim?" the colonel de-

n my hard luck story;
est of 'em thought I
ng me to the devil
ohnny Bryant gave
coast and treated me
me into a recruit,
rs turned me into a
he only difference, sir."
ptain appeared within
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at is it?" asked the

wad. si
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ucre," dryly
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scharged."
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was placed another

k room Grant and Alf found
ly repentant Nebraskan.
down blundering coyote,"
ain't fit to live in a
le and yap at the moon.
will wash this out at my
n't feel so like a skunk."
yourself names," advised
re's no harm done."
mark shows that a clever law-
estimated the far-reaching ef-
seemingly small matter.
ainder of the voyage was un-
of monotony, excepting for card
g and grumbling at unwelcome
the dull, low outlines of
ippines crept into the sky-line
the transport nosed her way up
some twenty-five miles of bay to Manilla harbor.

With machine-like dispatch the twelve hundred men in khaki were landed and marched, like an immense tawney serpent, between curious bystanders of every shade that tints the human skin. Past natives upholding large bundles, past caraboa carts with dark skinned drivers, past tropical verdure the line
ung with even stride. Then on the
gin of the sight-seeing throng ap-
d a group of white travelers who
eached Manilla on their round of
rotting. Among them was an el-
y man dressed in tourist plaid, and
th him a delicate little woman with
ft waves of gray hair each side of her
temples. The man caught sight of Grant swinging by at the moment the lawyer discovered his acquaintance of the liner.

"Mother!" cried Mr. Worthington in vast excitement, "there goes Frank Gordon! See him? There, there—the third beyond; no, the fifth! Now he's gone, but it's Frank Gordon—or rather Grant—alive and well, sure's I live!"

"Nonsense, Harvey,"
ant is at the bot-
rbor. You merely
esembled him. It
one soldier of that
nilar in appearance

was far from being
rmined to verify his
two remaining days
haunted the camp
ched the orderly pan-
troops. He even gained
a look at the muster
knew well that his
ould resort to a new
ive efforts were una-
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ould not add to his
mall that one ran
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't Frank Gordon,"
l insisted when his
ard bound on a Pa-
ooked as like him as

troops look, to me,
ns," commented Mrs.
from Detroit and
joined the Worth-

ppear-
"You
kins,

our butler, closely resembled Corwin, the banker."

"The human species may produce doubles," agreed Mr. Worthington, "but that soldier was more than a duplicate; he had Grant's expression of countenance."

"Besides," continued Mrs. Worthington, "the American papers we read in London said that Grant is the image of his foster brother and, of course, there was no blood-tie to account for it. So one man out of a thousand may easily look like some one we've met."

"The news item is correct," declared

(Continued on page twenty.)

FORTUNE GIVEN AWAY

Famous Specialist Offers to Send a Special Prescription For Any Ailment, a Letter of Advice, and a 192-page Medical Book FREE TO ALL Who Write.

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My Home Medical Book on the "Ills of Humanity—Their Cause and Cure" contains 192 pages of valuable professional information and private advice. It is written in plain English that all can understand and is well illustrated. A copy should be in every home and read by every man and woman. It describes all diseases, explains all symptoms, gives the causes of diseases, tells how to prevent sickness, tells what to eat and what not to eat for each disease and explains how a great many diseases can be cured in your own home without a doctor. If you want to be well and remain well, this is the book you should have. Fill out the coupon below and I will send it to you free, postage paid. Only one copy will be sent to a family.

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I don't claim that my prescription will cure cancer, leprosy, and other incurable diseases, but I do claim that they have cured and are ACTUALLY, POSITIVELY curing every day desperate, stubborn chronic cases of all kinds—cases that were pronounced incurable by other doctors. Thousands in despair, in pain and misery have written to me as a last resort, have taken the treatment which I prescribed, have followed my advice and have found a new life bounding with **health** and **vigor.**

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Fill out the coupon, or if you wish, give me a description of your case in your own words. Send the coupon to me and by return mail FREE and postage paid, in a plain sealed letter, I will send the prescription, my 192-page medical book and a personal letter of advice. I ask no pay—NOT ONE PENNY.

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Dr. Kidd now has a private prescription for nearly every disease to which flesh is heir—prescriptions that are the result of years of study, years of experience—prescriptions that have cured where all else had failed—prescriptions that are making marvelous cures every day. His offer to send a special prescription to any sick or afflicted person is a most generous gift to suffering humanity from one of the world's greatest doctors.

Free Letter of Advice

As soon as I receive the coupon below, besides sending the prescription and my big medical book, I will write you a long letter of advice telling you exactly how to take the treatment. I will refer you to pages in my book which will tell you all about **your** case. If you follow the advice in this letter it will be a great help to you in becoming absolutely well and strong. Other specialists receive hundreds of dollars for verbal advice; this is sent to you **FREE,** plainly written in plain words so it can be remembered and followed.

I Ask Nothing

I will accept no pay—not one penny, for the prescriptions, my Medical Book or the letter of advice. I want to prove my ability to every sick or afflicted person who will accept this offer now before it is too late. I may not repeat this offer. I want to prove my skill to you, this will prove it to your friends and neighbors. If I cure you I know you will speak a kindly word for me when convenient. This is all I ask. You will be under no obligations to me. The Special Prescription, Book and letter of advice will cost you nothing.

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My Name is..

Address is..

....

....

Age...... How long afflicted?. ....

If your disease is not on the list opposite write the name here.....

....

....

A Detective's Ruse.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

in the conflict which had been going on in her mind. Then doubt and filial duty tried to rise as a barrier between her and the man who had won her heart, and whom she was ready to trust despite every influence to the contrary.

The young man approached the spot where Sallie sat and lifted his hat. Taking the gourd which hung near the spring, he drank of the refreshing waters. He then stretched himself gracefully upon the grass-plot not far from Sallie's rustic seat. The two were soon conversing freely.

After a time Robert Hays surprised the fair maiden by an avowal of his love.

"I have wronged you in venturing to see you so often and thrusting my attentions upon you while I have a bad reputation," he said, "and until I can prove that I am a gentleman, we must not meet again. But I love you, and if you can trust me regardless of everything, I will never betray your trust. Can you love me and have faith in me until I can prove myself worthy of your trust? Will you marry me?"

"That is a most serious question for me to answer," was Sallie's reply, "and I beg that you will give me some time in which to consider it. I believe you are a gentleman and I would not hesitate to trust you; but marriage is a great question, and I had rather have time to know my own heart fully before making you an answer."

'I appreciate your kindness and I thank you for your good opinion of me. If you can love me in return, I shall be the happiest of men. I shall wait for your answer impatiently. I will explain to you soon much in regard to myself which is, no doubt, a mystery to you.'

Perhaps the maidenly blushes which suffused Sallie's beautiful face were all the answer which Robert Hays needed. Sallie saw no more of him for several days. In the meantime, Isaac Howard made her an offer of marriage.

Isaac Howard stopped at the Morgan home, about a fortnight after Sallie's interview with Robert Hays, and a few days after his own avowal of love, and talked with Sallie's father.

After a time the talk between the two men drifted to Hays, and Howard said:

"When the villainy of Robert Hays is made plain, your daughter will think no more of her fancy for him."

"The man saved her life," replied Sallie's father, "and she is naturally grateful to him; but she has not seen him even to speak to him for some time."

"It can be nothing but a romantic fancy which she has for him; for young women are often very willful, although they may have no other reason for being so than for the sake of having amusement. Miss Morgan is too much of a lady to think of falling in love with a desperado."

"I have asked your daughter to marry [illegible] continued Howard with some embarrassment, "and I have hopes that I will not be rejected; will we have your consent to our marriage if I am not rejected?"

"Sallie will have to settle such matters for herself," slowly replied the father.

The other changed the subject.

"I am going to Lost Cove after some of the outlaws today," he said.

Just at this point Sallie came into the room where the two men were sitting. She had not been aware of Howard's presence. The man's back was toward the door and he feigned not to observe her entrance.

"That rascal, Hays," he said, "has told everybody that he will never be arrested, but I mean to show him better."

"D'ye reckon he is actually in with Wash Smith's gang?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"He does not deny it. I'm going to bring him and two or three other rascals out of the Cove in handcuffs, today or tomorrow. Hays has been gone from the Cove for a few days, but he is back now."

Sallie glided almost noiselessly out of the room. Howard soon left Mr. Morgan.

Sallie observed that Howard was joined in the highway by two rough looking men, who were heavily armed. The trio set out at once in the direction of Lost Cove.

The maiden was troubled. Could it be true that Robert Hays was a desperado? No; she would not believe it. But what was going to happen in the Cove? Was Howard in earnest about going to the Cove to arrest her lover?

Robert had said that he would not be arrested. What would be the outcome of the visit of Howard and his two reckless-looking companions to the Cove? Would her lover be killed? She shuddered at the thought. She was uneasy and sad; but, whatever the mystery which connected Robert Hays with the wild doings in the Cove, she did not doubt that he was a gentleman who was worthy of her love and trust. Come what might, she was certain now that she loved him.

The day dragged by like an age. Night came and still there was no solution to the mystery of the Cove.

Howard had not returned and no tidings had come to relieve Sallie's anxiety. She spent an almost sleepless night and was up early the next morning.

The maiden wondered what had happened in the dark shadows of Lost Cove during the previous night. She asked herself what could be the dark mystery which connected her lover with the evil doings in the Cove. Doubtless something had occurred in the time since Howard and his two villainous-looking comrades had set out for the Cove. Sallie wondered whether her brave young lover had made good his declared intention of not being arrested. Why should he make such a declaration? Why should any attempt be made to arrest him at all? Why was he known as a desperado? Why had he not explained to her?

Sallie glanced anxiously in the direction of the Cove more than once. Nothing greeted her vision which could in any way relieve her anxiety. The suspense was very trying.

Sallie's father was also anxious to learn what had transpired in the Cove; for he believed that things had come to a crisis there.

The sunlight was just bordering the tops of the hills, when a body of men were observed approaching from the direction of Lost Cove. Sallie and her father could see that some of the men were handcuffed, but they were unable to make out the identity of the prisoners.

It looked very much as if Isaac Howard had carried out his avowed intention of capturing the lawless men of the Cove. Sallie wondered if one of the manacled prisoners could be her lover. An icy thrill passed over her at the thought of such a possibility.

This interesting story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

* * *

To Make It Square.

Edwin Markham, the famous author of "The Man With the Hoe," is a bitter opponent of child labor. Discussing the effort that he is making toward the reform of child labor news Mr. Markham said recently:

'I would abolish, too, the contemptibly unjust system of fines. What right has an employer to fine a hand an hour's pay for five minutes' lateness? What right has he, because the hand has damaged some goods two cents' worth to fine him a dime?"

Mr. Markham, after a moment's pause, smiled.

"I wish to goodness," he said, "that every victim of the despicable fine system had the same story to tell as an actor I heard of.

"This actor worked under a manager who was a great finer. For a bad make-up, for lateness, for noise in the wings, for a hundred things the players were bilked from a quarter to $2. The worst of all the fines was one of 10 cents for failure to return 'properties'; for this was a duty that every one continually forgot.

"In a financial drama one night the supply of stage money ran out and the manager loaned an actor $8 or $9 in real bills to use in the next scene.

"The manager said sternly to the actor the following Saturday:

"'By the way, Booth, you haven't returned that $9 I gave you in act 3 Monday night.'

"'Never mind,' said the actor. 'Just fine me a dime.'"

* * *

Outside and Inside.

As the coach jogged along the wild and mountainous trail the lone traveler asked the old stage driver about a certain outlaw that had terrorized that section some years back.

"O, you mean Bad Bill," drawled the old man reminiscently. "Wall, Bill sartinly was a strenuous cuss. He held up this coach six times one winter, but outside of that he was all right."

"He must have been strenuous," commented the traveler.

"Yes, and when he got tired of holding up the coach he stole twenty horses and shot up a town just for sport, but outside of that he was all right.

"Whew! He must have been the limit."

"Pretty wild, pard, pretty wild. Then I recollect that he wrecked a medicine show, burned down a circus tent and tarred and feathered a minstrel man, but outside of that he was all right, stranger." The coach had now approached a big gray building that stood on a hill.

"What place is that?" asked the traveler.

"Why, that's the State prison. That's where Bad Bill is serving his time."

The traveler smiled sarcastically.

"Wonder you don't spring that gag about 'outside of that he's all right.'"

But the old man was equal to the emergency.

"O, no, pard," he chuckled. "I'll change it around a bit now. Inside of that he's all right. Get up, hosses!"

* * *

And the man who is driven to drink by adversity probably would have it brought to him by prosperity.

FAT IS FAT

Fat is fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness a

fatal to Life.

Let me send you a trial treatment

CHARGE. You can get rid of you

safely, surely and quickly

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "Your treatment cured m been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound. It also cured and I now enjoy the best of health."

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 S. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "Before I took your tre was subject to violent choking fits and my friends were often afraid I would choke to death. Y ment has cured all this and reduced my waist six inches and my hips eight inches. My garm are all so large they seem as if made for another woman."

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kas., says: "Your treatment has reduced my weight from 203 pou 145 pounds and has also wonderfully improved my general health. I can do my housework now w pain or the smothering spells I used to have. My husband says it is worth $1000 to him and the co since I used your Kresslin Treatment."

SPECIAL FREE OFFER I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing sup fluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**free tri treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatme **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. son is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this; I will prove it at my own expense.** Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 1579 E., 41 West 25th Street, New York City.

Editor's Note: Dr. Spillinger is well known as a successful Obesity Specialist and any statements he makes can be absolutely relied upon. He is licensed and registered by the State of New York.

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Free With Order One Minature Bottle Athletic Club Whiskey. One Minature Bottle Dixie Cheer. One Whiskey Glass. One Elegant Corkscrew.

We guarantee the whiskey to be pure straight whiskey and not a blend or compound. Send us your order for as much as you want. After receiving the whiskey test it in any way you choose—drink a bottle or two. If it is not the best whiskey you ever tasted, return to us the unused portion and we will pay the return charges and immediately return your remittance and every cent of it. Now we can't do more than this to convince you that other whiskey is not to be compared with what we offer and when you feel that the whiskey you are using might be better, we urge your trial order on our money back agreement. Any bank or business house here can inform you as to our responsibility. Address remittance and orders to

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...ant's Sacrifice.

(...rom page eighteen.)

'I happen to live near the
...have a calling acquaint-
...son, Herbert, is very
...general appearance,
...son, Grant, but the
...ete contrast. She
...air of the corn silk
...e is childishly pretty, but
...ain of a lawyer. And no
...she is the daughter of a
...th brothers studied and
...she blossomed in a legal
...think she is the most in-
...my circle. Let me bring
...She has been too much
...because of her mother's in-
...me introduce you; the re-
...the dropping of charity,

...ited Mrs. Worthing-

...ner
...game
...awns
...as
...o
...e

...dicted, her Pacific steamer
were delighted with the girl's fr...
liness. Sadie was equally att...
the Worthingtons. Then their ...
cent palace of a home opened to the ...
a new vista and Sadie was too human ...
to admire handsome surroundings. Aft...
...beginning the lonely, if wealthy
...e managed to cheer their big room
...ny hours with the bright presence
...eir yellow haired favorite.

When Sadie related to her mother the incident of her call she was astonished at the effect of her innocent disclosure.

"The Worthingtons!" exclaimed her mother with white face "You called with Mrs. Oltman on the Worthingtons?"

...admitted, while she ...her mother's agitation. ...re sleeping when Mrs. Oltman ...nd asked me out in her motor. ...frequently did before going ...I was certain you'd be glad to ...e go. While out we called on the ...ingtons. Mrs. Worthington is lovely. ...he begged me to come often."

...he Worthingtons want you? You ad...e them? My God, what is to be the ...?" the invalid groaned

"Why, mothe... ...hat have I done?" ...there a reason why I ...t visit these people?"

..., said Mrs. Brackway, regaining self control. "I'm just nervous, darling. I was startled that you should be made much of by these wealthy, purse-proud people."

"Not purse-proud, mamma, dear. As for position, the family of Judge Brackway is at social par with the best."

"That's true," her mother said reflectively. "Your position in society should be with the best. And henceforth I'll see that you get a taste of life instead of playing sick nurse. Go when you have a chance, child, and enjoy your girlhood."

And, despite Sadie's loving remonstrance, a woman was employed to act in the dual capacity of housekeeper and nurse. This left the girl free to indulge in the outdoor pleasures necessary to her health, she likewise participated in social diversions that are doubtless essential to a young person's happiness.

Upon the occasions to which Sadie was ultimately invited with Mrs. Oltman or Mrs. Worthington as chaperone, Herbert became her escort. This was not, with him, a matter of choice. He had grown moody in place of his old-time frivolity; his days were spent in ... application ...s; he ate little and his nights were given to insomnia or frightful dreams. Sadie was infinitely puzzled at this change. Her mind rejected the solution presented by their friends that Herbert mourned for David. She also grieved for the supposed suicide, but it had not undermined her mental and physical health. Moreover, she knew her brother's character too well to believe him capable of extravagant devotion. To ...er his despondency seemed more the ...awing of remorse. During many a ...iet hour she ruminated on the many ...ed problem. She had not so easily accepted the judge's decision that David had reverted to the depravity of early childhood. She recalled, instead, that her foster brother had continually guarded Herbert from evil. She had suspected something of Herbert's later shortcomings. Had Grant, in a supreme moment, stepped between her weak brother and ...uilt?

Added to this nameless suspicion was ...nsolved problem of the clothing?

...", she endlessly asked herself. ...David, ...the time of his arrest, ...ssed in a suit of brown check? True, ...had spent his days and nights for a ...at the office where he labored ex...ingly on the Bonnell and Kerrick ...but brown check was and never ...n his choice. On the contrary, ...s suit of that shade had disap... ...Why was this? Above all, how ...n th... ...e suit of stone gray ...the last day she saw him, now hung in his closet?"

Over and over she conned these questions she dared not breathe. To have voiced them would infer mistrust of Herbert. She could not add to the family's grief by such absurd suspicions. Still she wondered why the stone gray suit hung in David Grant's darkened room.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

❧ ❧ ❧

Famous Ghost Stories.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

meat in the third stall to the left as you enter from Trabaus street."

"What do you think?" said he, leaning toward his colleague.

"Send for the man," he replied in a grave tone.

Several officers retained in the corridor obeyed this order. The judges stood, examining the sketch. As for me, I had dropped on my bed of straw, my head between my knees, perfectly exhausted.

Soon steps were heard echoing under the archway. Those who have never ...ited the hour of deliverance and ... the minutes, which seem like ...ies—those who have never experi... the sharp emotions of outrage, ter... hope, and doubt—can have no con...ion of the inward chills that I ex...enced at that moment. I should have ...inguished the step of the murderer, walking between the guards, among a thousand others. They approached. The judges themselves seemed moved. I raised up my head, my heart feeling as if an iron hand had clutched it, and I fixed my eyes upon the closed door. It opened. The man entered. His cheeks were red and swollen, the muscles in his large contracted jaws twitched as far as his ears, and his little restless eyes, yellow like a wolf's, gleamed beneath his heavy yellowish red eyebrows.

Van Spreckdal showed him the sketch in silence.

Then that murderous man, with the large shoulders, having looked, grew pale—then, giving a roar which thrilled us all with terror, he waved his enormous arms, and jumped backward to overthrow the guards. There was a terrible struggle in the corridor; you could hear nothing but the panting breathing of the butcher, his muttered imprecations, and the short words and the shuffling feet of the guard upon the flagstones.

This lasted only about a minute.

Finally the assassin re-entered, with his head hanging down, his eyes bloodshot, and his hands fastened behind his back. He looked again at the picture of the murder; he seemed to reflect, and then in a low voice, as if talking to himself:

"Who could have seen me," he said, "at midnight?"

I was saved!

* * * * *

Many years have passed since that terrible adventure. Thank Heaven! I make silhouettes no longer, nor portraits of burgomasters. Through hard work and perseverance, I have conquered my place in the world, and I earn my living honorably by painting works of art—the sole end, in my opinion, to which a true artist should aspire. But the memory of that nocturnal sketch has always remained in my mind. Sometimes, in the midst of work, the thought of it recurs. Then I lay down my palette and dream for hours.

How could a crime committed by a man that I did not know—at a place that I had never seen—have been reproduced by my pencil, in all its smallest details?

Was it chance? And moreover, what is chance but the effect of a cause of which we are ignorant?

Was Schiller right when he said: "The immortal soul does not participate in the weaknesses of matter; during the sleep of the body, it spreads its radiant wings and travels, God knows where! What it then does, no one can say, but inspiration sometimes betrays the secret of its nocturnal wanderings."

Who knows? Nature is more audacious in her realities than man in his most fantastic imaginings.

❧ ❧ ❧

Wanted a Family.

Pat, who has just come over from the old country, was very much afraid of women, and, if, the truth were known, was very unattractive to the fair sex. Consequently he had never married.

When he applied for employment the man rejected him because he wasn't married and didn't have a family. Thereupon Pat decided to marry.

He had seen a sign over a restaurant which read:

"Families served here," so Pat braced himself and went in. "Do you serve families here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk at the desk.

Pat reached for his wallet in his hip pocket, and carefully removing a bill said:

"Well, give me a wife and two children."

Free to You—My Sister FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men can not understand women's sufferings.** What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know that my home treatment** is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you **a complete ten days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost**, my book—"**WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER**" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn **to think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, **also the book.** Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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2 Full Glass Jugs (Full 128 Ozs.) Old Simpson Reserve Straight Whiskey Thoroughly Aged in Wood and Bond **$2.37**

There's a "straight" offer on "straight" goods that you can safely tie to, because we will "make good" if you think the whiskey doesn't. Just send us $2.37 (Money Order, Registered Currency or Kansas City Exchange) and we will ship you by express the 2 Full Glass Jugs (128 full ounces) of this **Rare and Delicious Old Simpson Reserve Straight Whiskey**, fully aged in wood and bond. Drink what you like of it. Sample it to your heart's content, and if you as Judge, Jury, Prosecuting Attorney and Chief Witness do not decide that **"Old Simpson"** is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, just return the unused portion and we will hand back your money without a single word of argument.

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WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1911 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

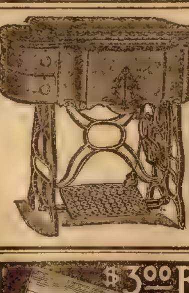
YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. G-53, CHICAGO, ILL.



$1.00 A MONTH BUYS THIS SEWING MACHINE.

We will sell you a high-grade, drop-head, Sew Easy Sewing Machine for $1.00 a month. We guarantee each machine for Ten years. We ship direct from the factory. We do not sell to stores and we have no agents. We can save you fully one-half. You get the machine at once and use it while you are paying for it and it only costs you about 3 cents a day. We have many special features in our machine such as short needles which don't break easily. Our shuttles hold half again as much thread as the old spring tension shuttle. We can't tell all the good poi... in this advertisement, and we couldn't afford to send you a machine on ... small dollar a month plan unless we gave big value and low prices. ... want you to write us today, saying: "Please send me circulars and particulars about your 'dollar a month' Sewing Machine offer." Write Today. Address SHEFFIELD MFG., CO., Dept. 5, 1421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo

FACTORY PRICES

SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

UNITED BARBERS SUPPLY CO

$3.00 BARBER'S RAZOR FREE

SEND NO MONEY If you have never taken advantage of this offer before, send us your name and address and we will send you by return mail two of our celebrated **INDIA BLUE STEEL BARBER'S RAZORS**, (one 6-8 round point, one 4-8 square) postpaid, the net wholesale value of which is $6.00. Try them and if you don't say they are the finest pair of Razors you have ever used return them. If you desire to keep them, send us $1.00 on receipt of the Razors and $2.00 in 30 days. Keep one Razor for yourself and sell one to a friend for $3.00. In this way you get your Razor FREE.

We Are Now Selling Our Genuine Barbers' Razors Direct to the Public.

No barber would use the ordinary commercial razors. Why should you? These razors are thoroughly finished and factory tested. We use them ourselves and believe them to be the finest, keenest and most durable razor ever made or sold by a Barber's Supply House. WRITE TODAY. **UNITED BARBERS SUPPLY CO., 1268 Boley Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

BLUE RIBBON PUMPKIN

It was Moses Smith who founded and amed the village of Unity in a Western tate. Some men would have called it mithville, but Moses was neither ambitious nor conceited.

He was, however, heavy on Unity. If [illegible] wife and sons meekly obeyed him [illegible] his neighbors followed his advice to [illegible] letter Moses was chockful of unity y and night. If things went wrong he s chockful of something else.

It was during one of his unity periods at he named the to-be metropolis. here were twenty families. Moses was he head and front. It was only when [illegible] inhabitants got to number 200 that ple came to him.

A church was wanted, of course. For wo or three years the people gathered n a barn when a circuit preacher came at way, but the day came when Moses mith said the devout must be ready to ake personal sacrifices. Not a family the village but agreed with him.

Each subscribed all, and in some cases ore than he could really afford. Lumer was bought and piled against the ay it would be wanted, and things were oing along placidly and peacefully hen the county decided to hold its first air. It was to mean much to all farmers nd villagers, for each family of the later had a [illegible] garden and could compete or prizes in [illegible] line of vegetables.

The soil around Unity was fine for all orts of vegetables, but particularly pkins. Pumpkins had been grown here that had been the wonder of four ounties. As soon as the fair was announced every head of family in the village at once mentally decided to grow a [illegible] pumpkin for the blue ribbon to be given.

They carried this decision to the public meeting called, and at which Moses Smith presided and said:

"Friends, I have sorter planned this thing out for [illegible] us. Aaron Tompkins will grow the prize squash; Felix White will grow the prize cucumbers; Samuel Davis will grow prize tomatoes; old Mrs. Tompkins will grow prize beets," and he read the list to the end and announced that he would grow a prize pumpkin as [illegible] as a flour barrel.

There was a row at once. Each was r a prize pumpkin, and no one was illing to give way. Moses argued and rotested, but it was pumpkins or nothing, and when the meeting broke up relations were strained.

For the first time in the history of Unity Mrs. McCumber hesitated to run over to the house of Mrs. Williams to borrow a drawing of green tea for supper.

Moses Smith couldn't postively forbid the others to grow pumpkins, however he might discourage, and the result was pumpkins on every hill and in every [illegible]. The [illegible] were out attending [illegible] vines at daylight, after dark, and other times, and whenever it was re[illegible] that one pumpkin was taking a [illegible] lead of all others the owner [illegible] was made to feel the pangs of a guilty conscience.

It was [illegible] how families drew away from each other, but it must continue till after the fair. Some even [illegible] beyond that.

One day it was reported that at night [illegible] one was to make a raid on every pumpkin patch in the village and wreak his spite. That night a score of men sat [illegible] night prepared to sell their lives and their pumpkins at any cost. After that the situation became more tense.

The [illegible] came again and again, [illegible] to find that the [illegible] interest had [illegible] overshadowed by the pumpkin interest, and that most of those who should [illegible] formed his congregation were in [illegible] fields or gardens. He went to Moses [illegible], as the head and front to see how [illegible] church had progressed, and was [illegible] by the [illegible]

"Nothing doing, elder, and may not be [illegible] two or three [illegible] to come. I'm [illegible] to say that [illegible] seems to have [illegible], and I shouldn't [illegible] a bit surprised to see lightnin' strikin' around us [illegible] time."

"I am sorry to hear it. Brother Smith [illegible] would give way on the pumpkin [illegible]tion—"

"[illegible] I won't, elder. Who founded this [illegible] Who named it Unity? Who first [illegible] about the county fair? [illegible] am not [illegible] for the [illegible] tion of these stiff[illegible] rebels."

"[illegible] more lumber is being drawn."

"Talk to 'em, elder—talk to 'em. It's [illegible] pass when when folks prefer pumpkins to a meeting house, but [illegible] make em see the error of their [illegible] couldn't Aaron Tompkins have [illegible]?"

At the date of the [illegible] a stranger coming into the village would have found everybody down on everybody else. He would also have learned that 41 families were growing prize pumpkins, and that each family fully expected to get at bit of blue ribbon. He could have derstood it had there been a hundred dollars at stake, for most of us are selfish of money matters, but the prize was a mere nothing [illegible] a nickel's worth of blue ribbon.

The show pumpkins must be got to the county seat, ten miles away. Two wagons could have carried them, [illegible] pumpkin must be got there by itself. It was carried there in a sheet—on a stretcher—in a buggy—by a team.

When they were on exhibition at last they all looked to be about the same size and weight, and as a matter of fact they were. Each one had been nursed and encouraged to do its best. Of course a row could be looked for. The pumpkin committee had heard about the trouble at Unity and did not wish to add to it.

The contest was so close that they could very well bring in a report of no decision, but that was far from satisfying the exhibitors. The upshot was an almost complete failure of the whole show.

The fair over, and the pumpkins returned home to be made into pies, the commonsense way would have been to drop the whole matter and let unity prevail in spirit as well as in name. Commonsense had nothing to do with it, however. The exhibitors blamed the judges as well as each other, and that kept the quarrel alive for another year.

Meanwhile, nothing more was done toward a church, and the sorrowful circuit rider got the people together for a last sermon and said:

"Where pumpkins prevail instead of the teachings of the gospel there is no vineyard and no work for a pilgrim. As many of you as will pledge yourselves not to grow pumpkins for exhibition another year please stand up."

Not a person arose, and the good man closed his Bible and put on his hat and rode away.

O, no, he didn't take the town with him. It's there yet. The name of Difficulty has been substituted for Unity and I've simply been telling you how it came about. I had a curiosity to inquire, and I didn't know but you had some as well.

Right opposite one of the half dozen saloons in the place under the new state of affairs is the church lumber rotting away, and Moses Smith will answer your inquiries with:

"Yes, sir; those plaguey stiffnecks went right at it and split the prettiest little town in the State with their blamed old pumpkin business, and the only unity around here is when a stranger asks you to have a glass of beer with him."

* * *

Horn Dinosaur's Skull.

The mammoth skull and jaws of a great horn dinosaur or triceratops, as the animal is known to scientists, has just been restored and is now mounted ready for exhibition in the Dinosaur Hall at the American Museum of Natural History, says the New York Sun. This remarkable specimen of the dinosaur once lived in the age of reptiles, according to science, about 3,000,000 of [illegible] years ago, when it stalked about with armor-plated body and head, which were developed, no doubt, to resist the attacks of the huge tyrannosaurus of the same period.

The dinosaur skull at the museum was discovered by Barnum Brown of the department of vertebrate paleontology last year, [illegible] his expedition in the wild lands of central Montana. It is the largest skull of any land animal known to science and is about seven feet long, which is about one third of its length in life, and tips the scales at nearly 800 pounds.

In proportion to the size of its head the brain of the animal is said to be abnormally small and indicates a development of intelligence. It is so small that it can be easily held in a single hand. The triceratops was a land animal, provided with enormous horns to protect itself from the attacks of the carnivorous dinosaur, which preyed on herbivorous animals. It was equipped with a strong parrotlike beak and a battery of double-rooted teeth, this being the only reptile know so favored by nature.

The animal was about eight feet tall and probably was twenty feet long. It is impossible, scientists say, to estimate the weight of the dinosaur exactly, but some idea may be formed of its size from the gigantic proportions of the skull and other portions of the skeleton.

In the southwest corner of Dinosau Hall are the remains of the largest bea of prey that ever existed, the tyra nosaurus, a monster beyond comparis and the greatest carnivorous anima ever inhabited the land.

* * *

Return of Mr. Henpeck.

The great Atlantic liner had been delayed by both fog and icebergs, and the little man with the gray side whiskers paced the deck in a worried fashion.

The captain saw him and approached.

"Our loss of time is a little unfortunate," he said, "but aside from it we've made a remarkably fine run. I hope the delay hasn't inconvenienced you?"

The little man softly groaned.

"It does inconvenience me," he dolefully replied. "I cabled my wife I would be home for 6 o'clock dinner—and no I'm afraid to go home [illegible]"

And he resumed his agitated stroll.

Want This

Show our samples friends, take two make profit enou stunning tailor

DON'T S

$1.

FRE

Don't Cry Because You Are Fat. Send to Prof. Kellogg and He Will Reduce You As He Did Me.

Free, postively free, a $1.00 box of Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer, to every sufferer from fat, just to prove that it actually reduces you to normal, does it safely, and builds up your health at the same time. I want to send you without any expense on your part this $1.00 package of what I am free to call a really wonderful fat reducer.

My treatment is prepared scienti It does not stop or hinder digestion the contrary, it promotes proper dige tion and assimilation of food, which fat people in a hundred haven't got, a that's why they are fat.

$1.00 Free Package

This coupon is good for a $1.00 packa of Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer and a book of Photographs and testimonials. Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below and enclose 10c in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover postage and packing, and by return mail you will receive a free $1.00 package prepaid.

F. J. Kellogg, 3699 Kellogg Bldg.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Name . . . .

Street No. . . . .

City and State . . . .

Hope For Consumptives

We have a message of cheer for consumptives and lung sufferers—many of whom may have given up hope of ever being well and happy again. Look, listen and learn—this testimony should stir you into action.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

Gentlemen:—

"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd), for the cure and prevention of Consumption, is the most wonderful compound of the present age."

DR. W. H. KNIGHT,
East Saugus, Mass.

J. A. Ward, M. D., Willing To Make Oath

Gentlemen:—

Had you spent $25,000.00 in advertising your remedy to the people for the benefit of consumption and all the chronic lung troubles, instead of distributing it among physicians who put samples in out-of-the-way places and perhaps never think of them again, you would now, in all probability, have a paying trade, while many poor victims of the White Plague that are now in their graves would be well and attending to business.

I believe you have one of the best remedies ever offered to the people. I believe it to be a general reconstructor of tissue and indicated in all cases where a reconstructor is called for. I have used Aicsol (Lloyd) for nearly five years, and know what I am talking about.

Once the remedy becomes generally known there will be but little trouble disposing of it.

You can use my name in any way you see fit in advertising, as I have said nothing in regard to the matter to which I will not be willing to make oath where such course is necessary.

Very respectfully,
J. A. WARD, M. D.
Troy, Mo., July 22, 1908.

A Physician Tells How Consumption May Be Cured

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to show that I have used AICSOL (Lloyd), a medicine made and sold by LLOYD CHEMICAL CORP., of St. Louis, Mo., on one case of pulmonary consumption, on a lady in Kentucky, who was 47 years of age, and she recovered, and is now well and performing her ordinary duties and household work as of yore; is a gratified and sound woman.

The above case was far advanced the second stage; night sweats, daily chills, hectic flush, and in the stage of menopause, which is one of the most critical periods in woman's life.

I believe it will cure nine out of ten cases for which it is made, thereby saving and prolonging life, bringing health, happiness and saving immense suffering and in the aggregate, worry and thousands and millions of money. I heartily recommend AICSOL (Lloyd) to all interested and suffering with any forms of consumption, and give permission to use my name in placing AICSOL (Lloyd) before the public.

Very respectfully,
G. W. HOLT, M. D.
McLeansboro, Ill.

We consider Aicsol (Lloyd) the greatest treatment of the century—entirely different from any other treatment now in existence; the most startling addition to medical science since Jenner isolated vaccine virus.

Listen and be convinced. Many patients begin its use when suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, constipation, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted bodies, loss of hope and strength, full of despair. Aren't these terribly true symptoms of dreaded consumption?

When these same patients, after a few months' use of Aicsol (Lloyd), report that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work have not an ache or pain, happy, full of praise for this marvelous treatment, it's time for you to be interested. The swo testimony of just such remarkable results with names and addresses of these patients will be sent you. If you are not sick out this ad, and send to some sufferer, or send us the name of such sufferers. All correspondence strictly confidential. Tom is just so much time lost. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY AND SIMPLY SAY:—SEND ME PROOF. ACT NOW add

LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 571 LLOYD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

YS'
AND
GIRLS'
ORNER

pp's Adventures;

BOYS FROM ALLABACK'S

By Capt. Hugh Hamilton

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no doubt that both his uncle O'Dell was conducting a nefari- siness which approached actual ility. He had seen so much of th ng his brief service in the office l especially was a consummate p and Tony was charitable eno think that his uncle had a streak of odness in him, but he was in partner- ip with the other man and subject to s malign influence.

le Tony proceeded e quarter in a short street nce from the scene of his dismi ought the whole matter over

He thought that if Billy Bates should carry out his design to come to New York they could form a little partnership and manage to get on together. He would write Billy, asking him to come on at once and would mention that he believed he had seen the missing un in the person of Evan Bates who had pawned the watch with Sharp & O'Dell.

As he was about to indite the missive his eye caught sight of a little advertisement which headed a "Want" column in a newspaper which lay on his tal read as follows:

"WANTED—A bright boy to attend to an office. Good wages and steady employment to the right sort of lad. Call at room 63, Sharon block, Broadway, between 9 and 10 a. m.

Tony put off the writing of the letter to Billy until he should investigate the advertisement. In another moment he was on the street again.

He went straight to the place and opened the door of room 63.

roll-top desk dimensions and the moment he heard Tony's footfalls he turned toward him. The boy from Allaback's was bowing hat in hand.

"I've come in response to your "want" in the Morning Journal," said he.

"Yes, I want a bright, active boy," was the response. "What's your age?"

"Sixteen."

"Born in the city? You don't look it."

"I'm from Allaback's in Jersey."

"From the country, eh? Well, that's against you. Been in the city long?"

"One month, sir."

"You're hired," and with this to Tony's surprise the man turned to the desk again.

It was such a lightning-like engagement that it nearly took Tony's breath. What sort of man was his new employer? What was he engaged in anyhow? There was nothing about the room to enlighten him in this particular.

For nearly an hour there was silence in the little office and then the man turned upon the waiting boy.

"You're hired to Erastus Shell," said

"I'm a private inspector. You won't in the office all the time. I suppose u are reasonably familiar with the

ably so," said Tony.

ood! You'll know more about it if main with me."

Shell seemed a nice man. He was looking and Tony noticed d a pair of very sharp eyes in ed to ask him just spector were, but he thought he would know in time. To his surprise Mr. Shell suddenly said:

"I am private inspector for the Government. There's a good deal of smuggling going on just now. People coming Europe try to evade the customs called in to ferret them out, to their baggage and so on."

l."

"Yes, sir. Just now a good many dia- nds are getting into this country, ought over by people who try to escape paying duty on them, and we sometimes have exciting experiences. Do you think you can serve me? Your wages will be twenty dollars a month as a starter."

Tony thought he could.

"All right," continued Mr. Shell. "By the way, you haven't told me your name."

"It is Tony Tripp, sir."

"Any relatives in the city?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Jasper Sharp who has an office in the Mohawk building is my uncle."

Mr. Shell emitted a little whistle of surprise.

"Do you know his partner?" he suddenly asked. "Sam O'Dell?"

"I've seen him."

"Nice man, don't you think?"

There was some latent sarcasm in the man's voice and Tony easily detected it.

"I must admit, sir," said Tony, truthfully, "that I haven't the highest opinion of Mr. Samuel O'Dell."

"Eh? Neither have I, but that's between us, Tony," observed Mr. Shell. "Your relative is the better of the two."

"That's what I think."

Erastus Shell turned again to his work while Tony remained still waiting for an assignment of some kind.

"Would you mind telling me what you observed about Sam O'Dell which gives you a poor opinion of him?" abruptly asked Mr. Shell, breaking in upon the boy's reflections.

"He's too rough for one thing," was the reply. "I to notice this on several occas treated a young girl meanly and an ithout the slightest excuse."

"One of their unfortunate customers, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," and thereupon Tony related the incident of Vesta Moore's pawning of her mother's jewels.

"That's Sam O'Dell for all the world!" said Mr. Shell. "If ever I get my hands on him he'll know more than he knows now about some things."

At this the conversation stopped for a man had entered the office and took a seat.

Not wishing to play the role of eavesdropper, Tony shifted his position to the farthest corner of the room where he picked up a magazine.

"Tony?" suddenly said Mr. Shell.

"Yes, sir." Tony was promptly on his feet.

"Do you know where Baxter street it?"

"Quite well, sir."

"Take this note to No. 198 Baxter and deliver it to a little man whom you will find in the rear end of the room at a desk," and a sealed letter was placed in Tony's hands.

It was his first service for his new employer and he was eager to show his faithfulness and agility.

It was not a long trip to the place and he was soon on the ground. He found the number and the little man exactly where Mr. Shell said he would be found and delivered the letter.

"Tell Mr. Shell all right," replied the man when he had read the message. "You work for him?"

"Yes, sir, hired this very day."

Tony was just quitting the room which looked like a notion store when he nearly collided with a man who uttered a little cry at sight of him.

It was no less a personage than Sam O'Dell.

The great hulk of a fellow started when he beheld Tony at whom he viciously showed his teeth.

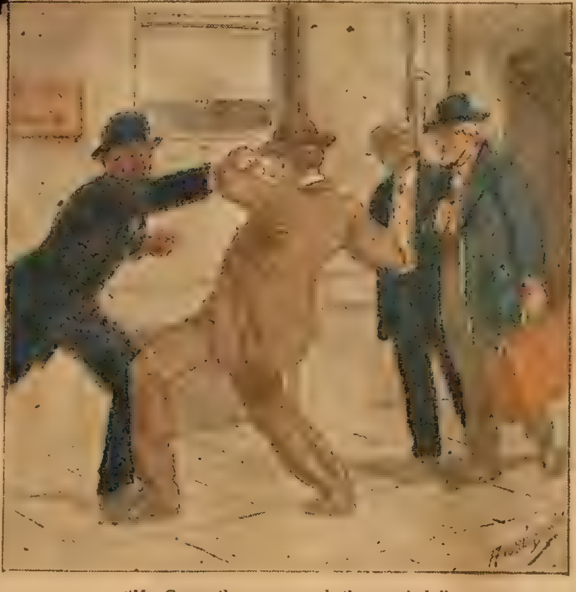
"Are you employed here?" he asked.

"No, sir!" answered Tony. "I've got a job elsewhere."

"So you're not going back to Jersey?"

"Not just yet at any rate," was the short reply.

"I would advise you to leave the city as it's no place for a greenhorn," snapped O'Dell.



"Mr. Green, these men are both scoundrels."

A NEW STOMACH

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Restore Lifeless Organs to Normal Condition.

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

Many a sufferer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and kindred ailments of the digestive organs carries around an absolutely useless stomach—a dead load, and a cesspool for ever-increasing disorders. The muscles are seemingly worn out, the mucous lining has lost its secretive power, and food taken into the stomach lies there and ferments, causing sour eructations, belchings, heartburn, dizziness and other distressing conditions. Many sufferers have given up in despair until they have been induced by some interested friend to try a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the dyspeptic's sure and only hope. They are a natural restorative of healthy action to the stomach and small intestines, because they supply just the elements that the weak stomach lacks—pepsin, golden seal and other digestives.

If you are afflicted with any of the symptoms above described, be assured that your digestive organs are losing power:—they need help and there is no more sensible help to be given them than to supply elements which will do the work of digestion for them.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been found by the test of reputable physicians in the United States and Great Britain to have remarkable digestive powers, one grain of the active principle of these tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food. It is plain that no matter what the condition of your stomach, or how far your disease has progressed, one only of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken at meal time will do the work—give your stomach an opportunity to regain its lost powers, the muscles will be strengthened, the glands invigorated, and you will be a new man.

It costs nothing to prove the effectiveness of this cure. Send for free sample package today. F. A. Stuart Co., 320 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents a box.

* * *

Consumption Book FREE

200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4621 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

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TRADE MARK
PATENTED SEPT. 12 1908

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 44, St. Louis, Mo.

Name ....

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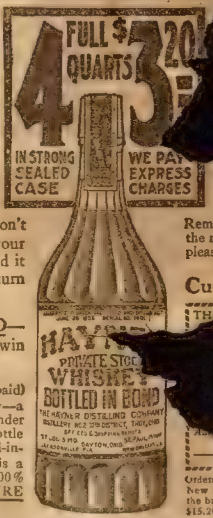
Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.... ......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FULL QUARTS
$3.20
IN STRONG SEALED CASE
WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES
HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY BOTTLED IN BOND
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SEND us a trial order TODAY for HAYNER
Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey on our positive gu
you will find it the richest, purest, most delicious
you ever tasted—or it will not co

THAT guarantee is as fair and square as we know how to make it. It means what it says. It is a guarantee backed by our $500,000 capital and our 46 years reputation for honorable business dealings.

Send us your order for four quarts of this magnificent Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey. When it arrives, open one, two or all of the bottles--TRY the whiskey—and if you don't find it all that we claim, and up to your highest expectations in every way, send it back at our expense—and we will return every cent of your money.

You see, WE MUST MAKE GOOD—we must send you a quality that will win your instant favor—and we will do it.

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Tony gave the man a sharp look and went out.

"That man doesn't like me a little bit," reflected the boy from Allaback's.

As he emerged from the building he stopped suddenly and an exclamation leaped from his lips.

He had suddenly come in contact with Jerrold, the sharp, and an old man who looked for all the world like a countryman.

Remembering his adventure with this same Jerrold in the building where he and his partner had attempted to rob him, Tony could not take his eyes from the pair.

"Another victim," thought the country boy. "The old man will be robbed as sure as fate if Jerrold the wolf has his way. No doubt he is now towing the old man to the place where he escorted me. It's outrageous."

Tony dropped in behind the pair, for he had not been noticed by the sharp, and cautiously followed them.

Suddenly, to Tony's astonishment, the other man, called Chalk, Jerrold's pal, came up. Tony slipped within hearing distance.

"I was just telling my friend, Mr. Green, from my old neighborhood in Jersey, that I could show him a good hotel," said Jerrold to the rascal Chalk. "You know where it is, Mr. Chalkly?"

"Yes, and no better place is to be found in the city."

"I don't want to stop at an expensive place," put in the old countryman.

"It's a cheap but good place, so homelike," answered Chalk. "I can recommend it."

The fears of the old man were thus allayed by the oily tongues of the two rascals and they started off again.

Tony's blood was up at the thought that the unsuspecting Jerseyman was to be tolled to the nest and plundered. His eyes seemed to flash fire at the idea.

In an instant he almost ran forward and came in front of the trio.

"I can show you a better place," said he, addressing the old man. "I happen to know something about the quarters mentioned by these men. I've been there myself."

"Ha?" cried the countrymen, leaning forward. "You have, eh?"

"Git out!" growled Jerrold, executing a gesture of dismissal. "You haven't been asked for your advice."

"I know that, sir," cried Tony Tripp. "I believe I know this gentleman," and he looked straight into the old man's face. "You're Mr. Green from over the hills behind Allaback's, aren't you?"

"That's what I am, boy."

"Well, Mr. Green, these men are both scoundrels," asserted Tony. "They tried to rob me when I reached New York. The police know all about them."

Jerrold sullenly made a vicious pass at Tony, accompanied by an oath, but the boy sprang out of reach of the descending arm and the next moment had the speechless old man in tow himself.

"We'll see you later!" growled the rascals in chorus.

CHAPTER V.

BILLY BATES ARRIVES.

While the boy from Allaback's did not fear the two ruffians, he deemed it best to be on his guard.

He was pleased with his success in getting Tobias Green out of their clutches and the old Jerseyman promised to be more careful in the future in regard to his acquaintances. Tony found him safer quarters and before long saw the old countryman installed in a quiet place where he was not likely to be molested by such sharps.

The next day he received a letter from Billy which, in part, ran as follows:

"I start for New York tomorrow in search of employment and it gives me much pleasure, Tony, to know that I am to be near you. I think we are able to take care of ourselves, even if the city is a big place where there are lots of dangers and pitfalls. Aunt Josepha says I will get my pocket picked before I am half an hour in New York, but I am going to show her that she doesn't know everything. So you may look out for me for I am liable to drop in upon you at any time."

Sure enough Billy did land in New York unexpectedly and burst into Tony's room one evening after the boy from Allaback's had returned from his day's work with Mr. Shell, the inspector.

"Here I am!" was his first exclamation as he seized the delighted Tony's hand. "Got here safe and sound. Didn't even see the shadow of a sharp."

"Glad to hear it, Billy," was the response. "You had better luck than I had."

"Yes. I came up from the ferry on a street car. Nice things to ride in, don't you think?"

"When they're not crowded."

"Our car was pretty well filled, but I managed to get a seat beside a nice looking man who looked out of the window almost all the time and never said a word to me."

"Maybe he was a mute," observed Tony with a little smile.

"Might have been, you know. I fetched you a ring from your mother, Tony," and Billy dived one hand into his pocket as he chattered on. "I put it in my pocketbook for safety——"

Billy broke his own sentence for his face suddenly turned white and he stared at his friend.

"What's the matter, Billy?" asked Tony.

"I've—lost—my—pocketbook!" exclaimed Billy. "I had it when I got off the boat and when I paid my street car fare, but now it's gone."

"Maybe the 'nce man' in the seat got it."

"It's gone and no mistake," said Billy. "And to think your ring was in it, too!"

"It's too bad. What will Aunt Josepha say?"

"I hope she'll never hear of it," sighed Billy Bates. "I guess I ain't as smart as I thought I was, Tony."

That the boy's pocket had been deftly picked admitted of no doubt and Tony consoled Billy as best he could.

"Mebbe we'll run across the missing purse some time," commented the new arrival.

"I think it hardly likely."

When the matter of the missing pocketbook had been thoroughly gone over Tony related his experiences up to date, after which the two boys went out to supper.

"I'll begin to skirmish round for a job," said Billy. "When I've found one I'll think of my uncle who you think you saw in the Mohawk building. His name was Evan Bates and I'm sorry that he was forced to pawn his watch."

The next day Billy started out with several "Boys Wanted" advertisements and by night was successful in finding employment in a small office where the pay was small and the duties arduous. He told Tony of his luck as soon as possible.

"There's a nice stenographer in the office," said Billy in the midst of his story. "She's real clever, though she's poor. She offered me some of her lunch, but I hadn't the heart to take it. Her name is Miss Patricia."

"Patricia what?"

"Didn't tell me the rest. Is that the way they do in the cities?"

"Oh," said Tony, "you don't know who your neighbors are in New York."

"I guess that's right, but she's a nice creature all the same."

As the boys sat down at one of the tables in the little restaurant Tony looked up and espied Sam O'Dell across the room.

The fellow did not appear to take notice of the boys, but seemed deeply engaged with his meal.

"I never saw Sam here before," remarked Tony. "This is not a first-class restaurant and Sam O'Dell is rather stylish."

"Mebbe he's looking for you, Tony."

The words were hardly out of Billy's mouth ere he dropped his fork and uttered a singular cry. He was staring at a man at one of the other tables.

"What is it, Billy?"

"It's a good deal," cried Billy. "Yonder is the man who sat next to me in the street car—the man who took my pocketbook."

"Where?"

"Over there, at the fourth table. I'm going to demand my money back."

Billy was on his feet, trying his best to control his emotion and his gaze

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...es riveted on the person whom he had

...” cried Tony,
... his chum. “He
...ent——”
... across the room
...ning but hold his

...man went Billy

...ter
...ed put
...t look
...ressed
...e you

...o-
... do it
...ing toward
... was at the
...an went pale.
...ners,” said he in
...stood by the listeners.
...ight!” cried Billy. “That’s the
... swiped my pocketbook on the

...liceman gave a sudden look and

... better come with me to the
... I guess Sommers knows why he
...nted.”

...e crestfallen man was escorted from
... place followed by both Billy and
...police station was near
... soon entered it.
...ested one was charged with a
...ffense and was speedily searched.
...’s it!” cried Billy in triumph as a
...book was taken from the man’s
...et. “What do you say now, eh,
...?”

...ny could not reply.

...e recovery of the missing property
...Billy in the role of hero for the time
...g and he was told to appear the next
...orning in police court to bear witness
...gainst the pickpocket.

“I knew that was the chap the moment I set eyes on him,” said Billy to his friend as they left the station, then, as ...e boys found the policeman at their ... Billy continued:

“... is that man, Mr. Officer?”

“...e of the shrewdest pickpockets in ...w York, but I think we’ve got him ...ad to rights now.”

“I hope so. What’ll you do with him?”

“Oh, nothing much, boy, only send him —for a term of years.”

Tony was overjoyed at the recovery of ...s mother’s ring and as he placed it on ...is finger he thanked Billy for his shrewdness.

When the two chums returned to their
... Tony’s quarters
...s arrival in the city, a letter
...on the table. It was ad-
...ony.
...rom Allaback’s tore it open
...stonishment read as follows:

“... have found your name and
...u were kind to me the day I
...the office of Sharp & O’Dell
...mother’s jewels. I would like
...you if you will call at our home.
...01 Pineapple street, I think we
...a clew to the person who took the
... which I signed when I pawned the
...cles. VESTA MOORE.”

...ny read the brief letter to his friend and looked into his face.

“Go!” said Billy. “You may be the means of helping the girl and her mother.”

“I’ll go at once for it’s not late. Come along, Billy.”

In another minute the chums were ...the street and turned their faces to...rd the designated street which was ...the other side of the city.

“You won’t find any of the millionaires ...ng on Pineapple street, Bill,” re...ed Tony. “It’s a respectable place ...l that. I’m really anxious to meet ...esta once more.”

... a short walk they drew up in ...r No. 101 and Tony knocked. The ...was opened by the girl herself who, ...cognizing her former acquaintance, invited them inside.

“We don’t live in style,” she explained, “but we have a pretty comfortable home.”

“That’s the sort of place I like,” replied Tony Tripp.

CHAPTER VI.

IN PINEAPPLE STREET.

Miss Vesta Moore conducted the two boys into a small and neatly furnished room where sat a woman of forty whom the girl introduced as her mother. She received Tony and Billy with smiles which at once put them at their ease ...e she continued:

“...sta has told me about the kindness ... of you——”

“...y did it, not me,” interrupted ... “He’s the cleverest boy at Allaback’s,” at which Tony flushed.

“... have been much concerned about ... of the pawn ticket and the other ...Mrs. Moore went on. “Without ... cannot recover possession of ...which I was forced to put out ...dy cash.”

“... you will be able to recover ...em,” Tony replied.

“They were taken while Vesta and I were out of the house one evening. How the thief knew they were in our possession is beyond my comprehension. I have guarded the jewels so carefully that I was not aware that any one knew I had them. I believe Vesta wrote you that we think we have a clew.”

“So she wrote me.”

“It is not much of a clew, even if it approaches one,” smiled Mrs. Moore. “...e of our neighbors told me yesterday ... saw a man leaving the house on ...ere absent.”

“...ing,” said the observing ...

“...n it’s not much. Mrs. Shaf...et to observe the man close... noticed one thing about him ...ot common to all men.”

“... was that?”

“...e limped a little.”

“Like Tommy Sloane!” said Billy with ...ift glance at Tony. “Tommy Sloane at Allaback’s has one short leg.”

“Well, this man, so Mrs. Shaffer says, seems to have been afflicted in that way.”

A sudden thought flashed through Tony’s brain.

“The man called Chalk by Jerrold limps when he walks.”

“Who is Chalk?” asked the mother.

“It’s a long story,” said Tony, “but he’s one of the rascals who tried to rob me the day I arrived in New York.”

“Now that is about all the peculiarity Mrs. Shaffer noticed about the man who came out of the house the night the articles were taken. It’s not much, as I have told you, perhaps not enough to build on, but I am so anxious to recover the papers that I would have Vesta write you.”

Of course it was not much, as Tony remarked to Billy when they left the house. He did not put such an infamous act past Mr. Chalk, for he had cause to regard him as one of the greatest rascals in the city and the boys debated the matter as they went across the city.

“It’s not quite enough to put the police next to Chalk,” observed Billy Bates, “but that fellow will bear watching. How would it do to go down to the place where you were held up and take a look at the surroundings?”

“That’s a good idea, Billy, and it’s just what we’ll do,” was the reply.

Suiting actions to his words Tony led the way to the vicinity where he had had his first experience in New York and pointed out the building to his companion.

“So that’s the nest?” said Billy. “I wonder if the vultures are at home.”

“They may be, but it wouldn’t do to invade their retreat,” was the response.

The boys drew off a pace and silently regarded the building.

All at once they beheld a man approaching and Tony uttered an exclamation which attracted his chum.

“Birds of a feather,” said Tony, still observing the man. “It’s my old friend, Sam O’Dell.”

Mr. O’Dell glanced cautiously around as he neared the place and, apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, darted into the dark stairway which led into the depths of the building. He was lost to sight in a moment.

“That’s enough for one night,” Tony said. “It tells me that there is a connecting link between Sam and the two sharks.”

They remained in the locality a few moments longer and took their departure.

“Ho there, Tony!” suddenly called out a voice at which the boys halted.

“It’s Uncle Jasper,” said Tony in a whisper to his friend.

“I thought you had gone home,” said the man as he came forward. “I wrote your mother that I was sorry we could not use you any longer and I thought you would beat my letter to Allaback’s.”

“No, uncle, I’ve concluded to remain in the city. This is my chum, Billy Bates.”

Mr. Sharp gave Billy a scrutinizing look and turned again to his nephew.

“Where are you now?” he asked.

“Oh, I struck a job with Mr. Shell, an inspector.”

“So?”

“Yes, Uncle Jasper.”

“What does he inspect?”

“Nearly everything that needs it,” remarked Tony off-hand and with a grimace.

“I think I’ve heard of him,” was the response. “You expect to remain with him, do you?”

“For the present at least. The work

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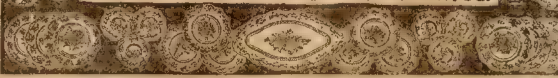

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is not hard and he seems a real nice man."

At this Jasper Sharp caught Tony by the sleeve and drew him away from Billy.

"Tony," said he, lowering his voice, "I hope you don't bear me any ill will? I am not responsible for what Mr. O'Dell does. He's rather harsh at times."

"Yes."

"I think he was a little too harsh with that young girl who came to see us about the jewels."

It was on Tony's tongue to launch out and call Sam O'Dell one of the greatest rascals he had ever known, but he kept his temper admirably.

"I won't express my opinion of Sam O'Dell's actions," said he carefully. "I'm sorry you're his partner, Uncle Jasper."

"You've not mentioned the affair to anybody, Tony?"

"I've told Billy there, uncle. Billy can keep a secret. I'll vouch for him. Why couldn't you give up the jewels without the papers?"

"It would be against our rules," was the reply.

"But the girl offered to pay the redemption money, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Tony, "if I were you, Uncle Jasper, I'd dissolve partnership at once with Sam O'Dell."

"But I can't, I dare not! You don't know things, boy. Now, Tony, I hope you won't tell any one else."

Tony pitied his uncle who was trembling like a leaf. He believed that he was in the power of Sam O'Dell, how he could not contrive, and for his mother's sake he did not want to be hard on his uncle.

"Well," said Jasper Sharp, "we'll hope for the best. But Sam don't like you, Tony, and I would ask that you don't cross his path."

"I'll look out for number one," was the reply. "I hope you'll consider things and throw Sam O'Dell down."

"My God, I can't!" came the answer in almost heart rending tones and with this the broker turned on his heel and walked away.

"There's some good in that man," said Tony as he rejoined Billy. "But he's in a snare of some kind. Sam O'Dell has him in his power and I would break the chain if I only could."

Half an hour later and just when the boys were emerging from a moving picture show into which they had gone for a little recreation Billy's voice was heard in tones of alarm.

"Look out there, Tony!"

The boy from Allaback's turned quickly and beheld himself almost within reach of Sam O'Dell's cane.

He slipped nimbly to one side just in time to miss the blow that was aimed at his head. The man was in a towering rage for his face was white and his eyes seemed to snap fire.

"I'll get you yet, you little meddler!" cried O'Dell. "I'll show you what it means to interfere with a gentleman's business."

"What's the matter, Mr. O'Dell?" inquired a patrolman who came up at this moment and bowed to the broker.

"Well, here's a country moke who wants to interfere with my private business."

"Shall I march him off? Both of them p'raps, for they seem to be together," said the policeman.

"I don't want to appear against them for my partner's sake," muttered Sam. "If either of them interferes again I'll report 'em, Reilly, that's what I'll do."

Sam O'Dell turned on his heel and marched off.

"Git along wid ye or I'll lock ye up!" growled the patrolman with a wave of his mace.

"You wouldn't talk that way down at Allaback's," retorted Billy, whose gorge was rising.

"I wouldn't, eh?" and the policeman took a step toward Billy. "I've got a mind to show ye now."

The two boys, not wishing to get into trouble with the Irish patrolman, gave him a parting look and walked away.

"We haven't seen the last of Mr. Sam O'Dell," observed Billy. "He's bound to give us all the trouble he can. I don't fancy him a little bit, and if we only had him at old Allaback's we'd teach him a lesson that isn't in his book."

It would seem that this adventure would be the last for the two young Jersey boys that night, but another was yet to come.

They were turning into the street where they lodged when a loud cry attracted their attention and a carriage came tumbling down the thoroughfare. It was drawn by a pair of magnificent horses which appeared wild with fright. As it reached a spot opposite the boys it was suddenly overturned and a shrill cry for help came from the interior of the vehicle.

Billy sprang into the street and made a flying leap at the bit of the nearest plunging horse. At the same time Tony bounded to the door of the carriage and pulled it open. The white face of a handsomely dressed woman greeted him. He helped her from the shattered vehicle. A crowd was soon on the spot. A burly policeman scattered the gaping mob.

"Find out who those boys are!" cried the woman. "They've saved my life. I'm Mrs. Van Stanley of Murray Hill!"

(Continued next week.)

Gives Men T
Vitality of
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cles; it is the thing which gives the young
courage to face death; it is the thing which in
and holds his sweetheart's love and
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GAMBLING GAMES Exposed. Dice, Cards,
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MARRIAGE P
published.

kled Peppers

Star.

"Who is there?" demanded the doctor, irritated at being awakened at that hour.

"Billy Jones," responded a weak voice m below. "Baby has swallowed the oln penny muver gave him for a stmas gift."

has, eh? Well, is there any special ment for me to come out such a as this?"

yes, sir. Muver says if you get up you can have it."

Plain as Day.

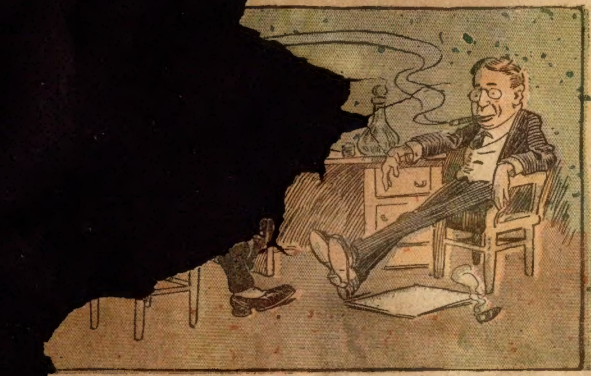
A man recently visited the art museum in Chicago and wandered about, looking at the paintings with more or less interest. He finally stopped in front of a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. There was a small white card on the picture, reading:

"A portrait of E. H. Smith, by himself."

The man read the card and then chuckled to himself.

'What fools these city folks are!" he said. Anybody who looks at that picture would know Smith's by himself. There ain't any one else in the picture."

UNUSUAL.



"I saw a pianist last night who can play with his toes."
"Humph! I've got a kid 18 months old can do that!"

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Special Inducement.

It was a wild night. The doctor had closed his storm doors and retired. Suddenly there came a jingle on the night bell.

A Grievance.

"He has insured his life in your favor?"

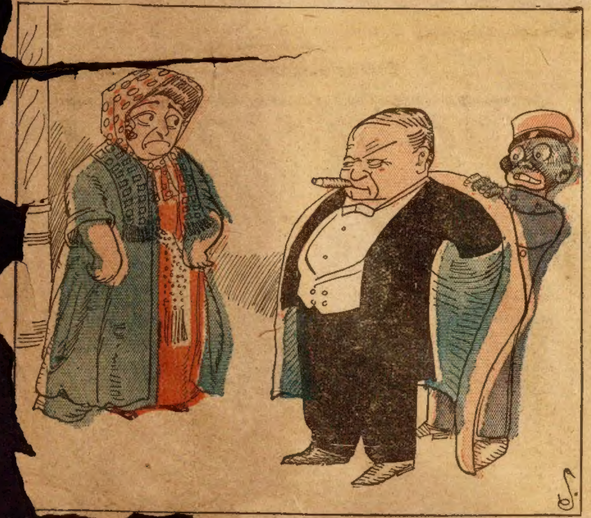
"Yes. But you ought to see the care he takes of himself!"

Used Like a Cow's Horn.

Maud—What a long hatpin! Surely, you don't ever use it?

Ethel—Only when I go bargain rushing.

HANDICAPPED.



fond of going to the theater with me, are you?
t's the only place I can spend a couple of hours with
do the talking.

CONSISTENCY.

Life's a burden and a snare,
Life's a round of grief and care.

Life's a labor, sad and weary,
Life is cold and dark and dreary.

Life's a bubble, life's a breath,
And its sweetest gift is death.

Life steals all we work and grope for;
Death gives more than mortals hope for.

Life's a farce that isn't funny—
Death's a land of milk and honey.

This I know—yet this I cry—
"Oh, I do not want to die!"

Needed Assistance.

A poor old castdown hobo started to knock the paint off of a back door the other morning, and when he tearfully told the lady who appeared that he had a sick wife at home and a dozen hungry kids, she gave him a couple of homemade biscuits. Daintly the hobo handled them, and once more he glanced up wistfully.

"What's the matter" indignantly demanded the housewife, "aren't you satisfied with the biscuits?"

"Yes, lady," replied the tearful one, but I thought perhaps you would be so kind as to loan me a nutcracker for a few minutes."

Hoops vs. Hobbles.

In the
good old
days of long
ago—in the early
'60's, don't you know—
when grandma was on dress parade, with the beaux a hit she always made. Grandma was a modest miss, and her hoop skirt looked just like this.
I wonder
what grandma
would say if she
could see the girls
today; as they hobble here and hobble
there, both feet
handicapped for
fair. Oh, would
she envy any miss
in a bobble skirt like this?

Shaw's Modesty.

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What do you think of it?"

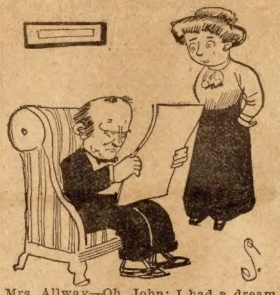
This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried:

"Rotten!"

Shaw made a curtsy and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles.

"My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

His Interpretation.



Mrs. Allway—Oh, John; I had a dream last night that all your money was gone.

Allway—How much did the dress in the dream cost?

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Earlie, tell us when is the harvest season.

Earlie—From November to March.

Teacher—Why, Earlie, I am surprised that you should name such barren months. Who told you they were the harvest season?

Earlie—Pa. He's a plumber!

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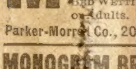

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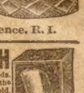

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HOME AND FASHION

To Clean Upholstery.

Housewives are well acquainted with the fact that upholstered furniture is a lurking place for germs and dirt. It is well to know that it may be kept clean without raising a cloud of dust. Wring out of warm water a cloth which is not linty. Spread over chair or sofa and beat with a rattan beater, then turn the cloth and beat over the other side. Several cloths may be necessary, but all of the dust will finally cling to the surface. To remove dust from tufts use a small stiff toothbrush moistened with hot water.

Dress Don'ts.

Don't make your own dresses unless you are determined to make them well.

Don't dress to startle people's eyes, but to satisfy them.

Don't let the skirt of your street dress touch the ground.

Don't wear a fur or a feather boa with a cotton dress or skirt.

Don't achieve the grotesque while attempting the original.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't wear a white petticoat unless it is white.

New Parasols.

Some of the new parasols for the summer girl look for all the world as though they belong in the upholstery department, for they seem to be mammoth lampshades, sloping steeply at the sides and having a trimming of dangling fringe at the bottom. These new lampshade parasols have queer frames with the ribs set a steep slant so that the parasol is higher and rather small in circumference at the base. Velvet parasols are the smart notion at Palm Beach now, and some of these affairs are of jetty black and accompany big black velvet and feather trimmed hats—a rather heavy effect, but one unquestionably smart.

Adhesive Tape.

Few women realize all the uses to which one can put adhesive tape and no home should be without a supply of this material. In appliqueing motifs on lace or net it is much more efficacious to use the tape than to sew the pieces separately. A small piece laid under each motif and pressed with a hot iron lasts the lifetime of a gown.

Instead of hemming velvet or sewing it on hat brims it is much better to glue it by placing the tape in the fold of the goods and pressing it against the rim.

Manufacturers have found a way of making yards and yards of the chain stitch, criss-cross on muslin, to resemble the background of the Irish lace by the use of adhesive tape. This muslin, having been dipped in sulphuric acid, is burned away in the oven and there is the lace foundation. On this are basted the motifs with adhesive tape.

Needlework Notes.

A flower pot cover is made of either gathered silk or crinkled paper drawn around the cardboard shape in a deep frill hem at the top and bottom.

When drawing from linen in hemstitching, save those long, even threads, as they come in handy when mending table linen.

A lamp or candleshade of cardboard is covered with green silk. Diamonds can first be cut out and red silk pasted over them, the whole made neat with the green silk.

A simple but effective pillow for hard use is made of burlap of any chosen shade. Make the cover five inches longer and five inches wider than the pillow, then stitch a tuck all around it two and a half inches wide. Decorate this tuck either with a tiny stenciled border with gilt paint or use a fancy cross stitch of yellow floss or any harmonizing color.

A pretty case may be made at home for gloves, veils and handkerchiefs. Line a piece of thick corded silk with soft silk (crease it well down the middle so that it will open and shut like a book), and bind firmly all round with ribbon. On one inside half make a long shaped pocket for gloves, but on the other half divide the pocket into two, one for veils and one for handkerchiefs, working the words in colored silks on each pocket. When closed this pretty case should be tied with ribbon.

* * *

Lesson in Economy.

Mrs. Muggins—Don't you ever try to save any money?

Mr. Muggins—Sure. I saved $4 today. Borrowell struck me for $5 and I only let him have $1."

*

When trust magnates fall out the common people come into their own.

*

It sometimes happens that the black sheep of a family is a blonde.

Numbered on the Hoof.

"That is a new one on me," admitted a man who had been contemplating the hoofs of a couple of truck horses standing on Monroe avenue, according to the Detroit Free Press.

The driver, who had just unloaded a heavy crate of merchandise, looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"I mean that way of marking a horse —the number on the hoof," continued the puzzled one.

"Oh, the figures," said the driver, smi inging. That isn't anything very n We all do that, you know. Have t protect ourselves."

"Do you mean that all horses i troit are marked that way?"

"Pretty much all that belong t big trucking companies are," con the driver. "You see, each tain numbers it uses—not a ma they brand horses in the West—l plain numbers. You'll see if you look that that off horse's number and the nigh one is 43. The bosses together and agree on numbers so th won't be any mix-up. Then each fello brands a horse with one of the numbe given him, each horse, of course, be numbered differently, so he can tell minute whether a horse is his or s body else's

"It's just a case of burning t into the front of the hoof, b the business. Some years ago for which I worked had tw stolen—fellow drove them a under the driver's nose. They marked and the thief didn't or didn't have sense en thing about it. They trailed all about the State, but fin where they had been sold If it hadn't been for those nu though, they probably never would seen the team again.

"After a time the numbers wear off or the hoof gets scuffed up so the number has to be renewed. This doesn't mean much work, but it is a great protection to the owners and to drivers, who are forced to take chances on a team being driven off while they are inside."

* * *

From Week to Week.

"You take a good many magazines."

"Six."

"That beats my capacity. I can't carry over four sets of serial stories in my head."

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES
ELLSWORTH YOUNG

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

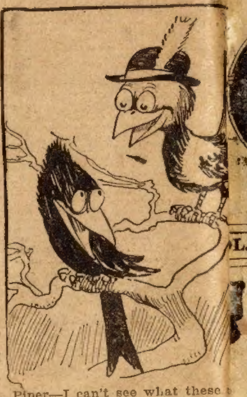
her came out well; so the farmer had, for some time past, put valuable duck s in her nest, and old Speckle grew tomed to having her brood of young ls make for the pond the first fter they were hatched. She used d on the bank and watch her ers sporting in the water with e same manner a human mother ssume if her children did unusual feats.

e day the farmer, without any ght as to past habit, put a lot of hen eggs under Speckle and in e out came a brood of fluff-balls id the mother's heart good. At the r time she marched them down to pond and stood amazed as the balls sed to take the plunge. She cackled ly, evidently scolding them for their and sullen behavior. Seeing that rds had no influence over his family, she started to drive them water willy nilly. Just then came along and saved the se poor innocent chicks. He laughed heartily at Speckie's forgetfulness of her own nature and instincts, but he decided to keep Speckie on ducks in the future, since she was such a creature of habit.

A Story From the Sea.

It must have been queer to see all the sailors on the fishing schooner Arbitrator going about the deck with pails on their heads. The captain says that this is what the sailors did and what he did, and so, of course, it must be true. The captain got into Boston with his schooner and told everybody that he and his crew had had to adopt this queer headgear when there was a hailstorm at sea. The hailstones, he said, were so large that they would have knocked the sailors' heads in, and so they had to wear the pails turned upside down. The ship's parrot did not have a pail and so he was killed. The captain says that he himself was almost deaf by the noise the hailstones made striking the tin bucket he was wearing.

Useless.



Piper—I can't see what these trying to accomplish with their planes.

Peep—How's that?

Piper—I haven't seen one catch a butterfly or a bug with

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Keep clean, dear Lord, the little
That nestle close to mine;
May they obey all Thy command
And all their works be Thine;
May they be clasped to Thee in p
Each evening as Thou watchest t

Keep sweet, dear Lord, the li
speak
In accents soft and low
Thy name each evening, as they
Thy holy will to know,
And may they whisper words of
And reverence to Thee above.

Keep pure, dear Lord, the little
That beats for Thee alone,
And may my daily life impart
Reflections of Thine own;
Dwell there forever, Lord, I pra
And guide my thoughts and w
day.

And lead, dear Lord, the little fe
That walk Thy paths each hou
Nor may they stray from bywa
But guide them by Thy powe
And onward, upward by Thy love
Lead them at last to Heaven abo

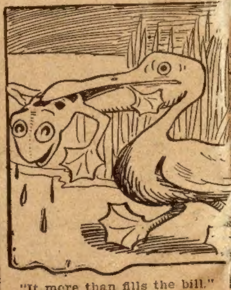
Pencil Writing.

Take a round box with flat such a box as druggists put Through the center of both lid pierce a hole, through which sharpened pencil is allowed to p a bit of sealing wax around th if that is necessary to hold it place. Twirl the pencil as on spin a top, and a number of str signs will be found traced upon per placed beneath. If cardbo instead of paper and tilted fr side, many extraordinary de be made.

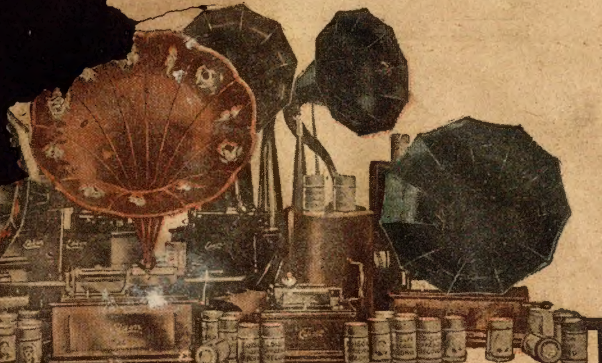
THE BROOK SONG.

The Robin blushed at the son
brook,
As it rippled along at her
I'm wondering why she wa
red,
The song was so low an
That I couldn't exactly di
words,
But it sounded to me like th
birds
When they're putting their
bed.

Common Expression.



"It more than fills the bill."



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